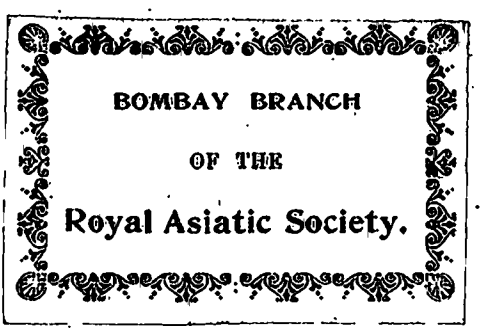
.245.2
Fur|Hym
43480




Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 07 April, 2016

# Hymns to the Virgin and Christ,

## The Parliament of Devils,

and other

## Religious Poems.

BERLIN: ASHER & CO., 13, UNTER DEN LINDEN.
NEW YORK: C. SCRIBNER & CO., LEYPOLDT & HOLT.
PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

# Hymns to the Virgin & Christ,

# The Parliament of Devils,

and other

# Religious Poems,

CHIEFLY FROM

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY'S LAMBETH MS. No. 853.

43480

EDITED BY

FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL,

M.A., TRIN. HALL, CAMB.; MEMBER OF COUNCIL OF THE PHILOLOGICAL AND EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETIES.

[*Reprinted, 1897.*]

22 m 22

LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY

BY KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO.,

57 AND 59, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

1867.

245.2
Fus/Hym
43480

Original Series, 24.

R. CLAY & SONS, LIMITED, LONDON & BUNGAY.

# PREFACE.

After telling Mrs. Gaskell one day a story for the truth of which I could not vouch, she said, with her beautiful bright smile, "Now I'm going to believe that, whether it's true or not. It ought to be true." On looking through the Lambeth MS. 853, which Mr. Stubbs kindly handed to me in Lambeth Palace Library, I could not help saying, "I'll print it all, whether it contains early versions or late; it *is* a jolly little Manuscript":—a chubby vellum quarto, written in a large, clear, upright hand, which looked at first sight fourteenth century, but which the Museum authorities whom I afterwards consulted put at about 1430 A.D. As nice a little volume as one would wish to handle; a pleasing contrast to the shabby, scrubby, paper Percy folio of two hundred years later that I am now working at. Accordingly, the whole MS. is in type for the Society, and I hope members have no cause to regret it, for though earlier versions of some of the poems are no doubt in existence,—I have printed one at least sixty years older at pp. 106, 108, 110, 112, to show how the late text has changed[1]—yet the Lambeth MS. has given us the better text of *The Complaint of Christ*, in "Political, Religious, and Love Poems," (E.E.T.S., 1866,) a better text of "The Parliament of Devils" than that printed by Wynkyn de Worde, and the best texts yet printed of the far-famed *Stans Puer ad Mensam*, "How the Good Wife taught her Daughter," and "How the Wise Man taught his Son," &c.: these, besides other poems of considerable beauty and interest in the present volume, and the other Texts I

[1] Two words at least of the earlier text—*sauȝten* and *vnsauȝte*, "to reconcile" and "unreconciled, at enmity," p. 108, ll. 37-38, were unknown to the late scribe, and were changed by him to *soften* and *unsoft*.

have lately edited, or am now editing, for the Society. The early Englishman, like the modern one, was a religious and superstitious person, and as any one in 2360 A.D. should know of us, that in many educated (or deducated[1]) persons' minds now, baptism by an episcopally-ordained clergyman is necessary to salvation, that a man's being drowned while boating on Sunday is a just judgment of God, whereas a similar death on Monday is a sad accident, with a hundred other like notions[2]; so we should know of our forefathers, if we would estimate them aright, what their religious belief and superstitious fancies were. Mary-worship, Parliament of Devils, Stations of Rome, St. Gregory's Trental, and what not: let us have them all: all the nonsense, as well as the expressions of the pure, simple faith, that through life and death our men of old held to. And a survey of our early religious poetry will, I believe,—and so far as I may speak from some work at it,—result in a verdict favourable to the plain good

[1] We sadly want some word like this *deducate*, *deducation*, &c., to denote the wilful down-leading into prejudice and unreason, in Politics at least, so prevalent in England and everywhere else, to support unjust social arrangements and abuses because they exist, or are in the interest of a powerful class, &c. Let any one think of the amount of deducation attempted about the Repeal of the Corn Laws, the old and modern Reform Bills, the late American War, &c., and then see how hard the deducators still are at their work!

[2] "Dr. Pusey has written another letter to the *Times*, stating his opinion of absolution. He believes that Christ, conferring upon the Apostles the power to remit sins, intended to confer it also upon their 'successors.' He therefore holds that every successor has the power to remit the sins of penitent persons as fully as Christ Himself could have done; and so he affirms, on the authority of the Ordination Service, the Church of England also holds. *In other words*, Christ intended to leave the salvation of souls dependent on the will of such human beings as can be proved to have been ordained by the ordained up through the ages to Himself. One single unordained Bishop, say in the middle ages or the third century, would spoil the whole arrangement. Why does not Dr. Pusey claim the power of working miracles given to the Apostles at the same time? The invisibility of the power is no greater obstacle in the one case than the other. If the sick did not get visibly better for the priest's touch, neither do the bad get visibly better for his absolution. After all, does the human race advance? A Roman gentleman would have smiled at a superstition so gross as that which Dr. Pusey dignifies with the name of Christianity." 1866, Dec. 1, *The Spectator*, p. 1326, col. 1-2. Dr. Pusey and his school may not admit the correctness of the statement above, "In other words." I only wish to register here the opinion of one of our best edited weeklies on this point, and to note that however comical the view stated, and a thousand like ones, may seem to our man of 2360 A.D., they were equally so to many in 1866 A.D.

sense and practical going straight at the main point which Englishmen pride themselves on, whatever amount of philistinism and humbug is mixed up with these qualities. The burden of the early songs (as I read them) is a prayer for forgiveness of sins, a desire to get out of the filth of the flesh, and rise, as well here as hereafter, into the purer and higher life which, to the believer, union with his Saviour implied and implies.

Many of the poems in this volume seem to me very touching and beautiful, and I hope other readers will find them so too. The most interesting to me is the one I have entitled, from l. 638 in it, p. 78, "The Mirror of the Periods of Man's Life, or Bids of the Virtues and Vices for the Soul of Man," pp. 58—78. It sketches the temptations of the well-off man of the period—the MS. is ab. 1430 A.D. —from the time when he was new-born from his mother till, at a hundred years old, Overhope and Wanhope (despair) would ruin him, but Good Hope and Good Faith bring him to trust in God's mercy. At twenty—which may be a misprint for fifteen, xx for xv,—this is the choice presented to the young man.

Quod resoun, "in age of .xx. ȝeer,
Goo to oxenford, or lerne lawe."
Quod lust, "harpe & giterne þere may y leere,
And pickid staffe & buckelere, þere-wiþ to plawe,
At tauerne to make wommen myrie cheere,
And wilde felawis to-gidere drawe,
And be to bemond[1] A good squyer
Al nyȝt til þe day do dawe."

[1] For an explanation of this *bemond*, I have asked in vain Mr. Chappell, Mr. Way, Mr. Morris, Mr. Skeat, Mr. Wright, &c., &c. The only interpretation I can suggest is drawn from a passage in Le Venery de Twety, Cotton MS. Vesp. B. xii., printed in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. I., pp. 149—154. At pp. 152-3 we read, of the hounds hunting the hare, "And if eny fynde of hym, where he hath ben, Rycher or *Bemond*, ye shall say, *oyez a* Bemond *le vayllaunt, que quide trovere le coward, ou le court cow.*" The name *Bemond* might easily pass from the leading hound to the leader of a revel, or be used, by personification, for a fancied god of indulgence in women and wine, a sort of Bacchus. I think it certain that this *bemond* has nothing to do with the *bemol* (flat, ♭), and *bequarre* (natural, the square *b*, ♮) of the curious song on learning music in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. I., p. 292, or the *þemy* of the Burlesque, p. 83, *ib.* last line. In our early music books B is *si*, though in the earliest I have seen, no name is given to it.

Conscience's remonstrance that this will waste his friends' money and his own time and learning, is answered by

"Good conscience, goo preche to þe post,
þi councel sauerip not my tast . . .
Al my lust y wole ful-fille,
I wole spare no womman."

After the advice of Pride, Gluttony, Lechery, Wrath, Envy, Sloth, Covetousness, and Avarice; to the young man, how to indulge his passions and lusts, comes Pride again with this bit of counsel as to dress:

"Apparaile þe propirli," quod Pride,
"Loke þi pockettis passe þe lengist gise;
Slatre þi clothis bope schorte & side [= wide]
Passinge alle opere mennis sise."

And so the poem continues with allusions, more or less, to the manners of the times. The *pockettis* of the verses last quoted serve to fix the date of the composition of the poem, if they are (as I suppose them to be) what Camden in his Remaines, p. 196, calls "*pocketting* sleeves."[1] He says,

"Of the long pocketting sleeves in the time of King Henry the Fourth, Hocclive, a master of that age, sings,

*Now hath this land little need of broomes*
*To sweep away the filth out of the streete,*
*Sen side sleeves of pennilesse groomes*
*Will it up licke, be it dry or weete.*"

The woodcut of the Duke of Gloucester [?] on p. 153 of Mr. Fairholt's *Costume in England*, copied from the Royal MS. 15 E 4 (fol. 14), in the British Museum, shows the long pocket sleeve admirably, and 'his crimson jacket furred with deep red is exceedingly short,' but gathered in close folds behind. At p. 159 of Fairholt is another woodcut of an attendant with the pocket sleeve, from the same Royal MS. 14 E 4. On fol. 133 of the same Royal MS. are three figures with the long pocket sleeves, and one of them has his

[1] Pockets begin to appear in women's dresses in Edward the Third's time, says Fairholt, and are shown in that king's daughter's dress on the south side of his tomb in Westminster Abbey, as copied in Fairholt, p. 100.

sleeves tied behind his back, just below the bottom of his jacket. The very wide and short doublet seems not to have appeared till about 1460, and not to have been slashed. The tighter plaited jacket of Edward the Fourth's reign, also contemporary with pocket sleeves, had "large sleeves, open at the sides to display the shirt beneath," as shown in the cut on pages 154 and 159 of Fairholt. This is the only *slatring* (supposing it means *slashing*) shown in the figures, unless the opening for the arm in the long pocket sleeve be meant by the words of the poem. But the slashing of garments was at least as early as Chaucer's 'so mochil pounsyng of chiseles to make holes, so moche daggyng of sheris' (*Persones Tale*, ed. Wright, p. 143, col. 2).

The *rere* or late suppers noticed in l. 374 of this Mirror poem are complained of by Roberd of Brunne in 1303., *Handlyng Synne*, p. 226, ll. 7260-3. (See also the servants' 'rere sopers' denounced, ll. 7268-79.)

Rere sopers yn pryuyte,
Wyþ glotonye echone þey be;
And þyr is moche waste ynne,
And gadryng of ouþer synne.

Doubtless Roberd was not the first preacher who inveighed against them. He also complains of the rich man lying long in bed on Sundays.

When he heryþ a bel ryng
To holy cherche men kallyng,
þan may he not hys bedde lete,
But þan behoueþ hym lygge and swete,
And take þe mery mornyng slepe.
*Handlyng Synne*, p. 135, ll. 4258-62.

For the last three Poems in this volume I am indebted to Mr. W. Aldis Wright, who copied them from MSS. under his charge in the Library of the Trinity College, Cambridge. The first, *Quindecim Signa ante diem Judicii*, he desired to print on account of its variations from the other earlier versions of the Poem in the E.E. Poems I edited for the Philological Society (Transactions 1858, Pt. II., pp. 7-12), in Hampole's Pricke of Conscience, the Metrical Homilies edited by Mr. Small (in E.E. Poems as above, pp. 162-3), &c. The

second forms a companion to the Virgin's Complaint in our *Political, Religious, and Love Poems*, 1866, and the third is given for its historic interest, and its contrast to the temper in which the later chronicler wrote of Archbishop Scrope's death.

Some of the poems bear traces of having been Southernized from a Northern original, as in using *boon* for *bane*, p. 25, l. 108, *lastande na mare*, l. 115, *sizhande*, p. 30, l. 261, and Mr. Perry has just sent me a version from the Northern Thornton MS. of the Sweetness of Jesus, pp. 8-11, here, pp. 83-6 of the Text edited by Mr. Perry from the Thornton MS. that will appear with this one. I have only in conclusion to return thanks to the Archbishop of Canterbury for the loan of his pretty little Manuscript, and to Mr. Aldis Wright for his help, always so willingly given, notwithstanding the pressure of crowds of other work that would overwhelm an ordinary man.

*3, St. George's Square, N. W.*
*12th November, 1866.*

# CONTENTS.


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| Contents of the Lambeth MS. 853 ... ... ... | xiii, xiv |
| Notes ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | xv-xvi |

HYMNS TO THE VIRGIN.

| | |
|---|---|
| *Veni, Coronaberis* ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1-3 |
| (A Song of great Sweetness from Christ to his daintiest Dam) | |
| Hail, Blessed Mary! ... ... ... ... ... | 4-5 |
| *Aue Maria* ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 6-7 |

POEMS TO CHRIST.

| | |
|---|---|
| The Sweetness of Jesus ... ... ... ... ... | 8-11 |
| Be my Coumfort, Crist Ihesus! ... ... ... ... | 12-14 |
| Richard de Castre's Prayer to Jesus ... ... ... | 15-17 |
| Do Merci bifore thi Iugement ... ... ... ... | 18-21 |
| The Love of Jesus ... ... ... ... ... ... | 22-31 |
| So what oure Lord suffride for oure Sake ... ... ... | 32-4 |
| I wiyte my silf myn owne Woo ... ... ... ... | 35-9 |
| The Virtues of the Name Jesus (in Prose) ... ... | 40 |

OTHER RELIGIOUS POEMS.

| | |
|---|---|
| The Deuelis Perlament, or Parlamentum of Feendis ... | 41-57 |
| The Mirror of the Periods of Man's Life ... ... ... | 58-78 |
| (Or Bids of the Virtues & Vices for the Soul of Man) | |
| God send us Paciens in oure Olde Age ... ... ... | 79-82 |
| This World is but a Vanyte (An Old Man's Lament) ... | 83-5 |
| This World is false and vain ... ... ... ... | 86-7 |

PAGE

Earth ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 88-90

*Reuertere* (In Englisch Tunge "Turne Aȝen!") ... ... 91-4

Merci passith Riȝtwisnes ... ... ... ... ... 95-100
(A Dialogue between a despairing Sinner and Mercy)

The Belief ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 101-3

The Ten Commandments ... ... ... ... ... 104-5

Keep Wel Cristes Comaundement: two texts,
I. from the Vernon MS. (Bodleian Libr.) ab. 1370 A.D.; even pages 106-112
II. from the Lambeth MS. 853 ab. 1430 A.D.; odd pages ... 107-113

The Sixtene Poyntis of Charite ... ... ... ... 114-117

*Quindecim Signa ante diem Judicij* ... ... ... 118-25

Who can not wepe, com lerne of me ... ... ... 126-7
(The Virgin's Lament over her dead Son)

The Death of Archbishop Scrope (8 June, 1405) ... ... 128

Extract from Halle's *Vnion* as to Archbp. Scrope's Death 129-30

Glossary ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 131-135

Index of First Lines ... ... ... ... ... 136

# CONTENTS OF THE LAMBETH MS. 853.


| | Page of MS. |
|---|---|
| 1. Surge mea Sponsa ... (printed here p. 1-3.) | 1 |
| 2. In a Tabernacle. *Quia Amore langueo* ... (Political, Religious, & Love Poems, E. E. T. Soc., 1866, p. 148-50.) | 4 |
| 3. In a valey ... ... (Pol., Rel., & L. Poems, 1866, p. 150-8.) | 7 |
| 4. Ihesu þi swetnes ... (printed here p. 8-11.) | 14 |
| 5. Ihesus þat sprong ... (here p. 12-14.) | 20 |
| 6. Heil be þou Marie ... (here p. 4-5.) | 24 |
| 7. Heil be þou Marie ... (here p. 6-7.) | 26 |
| 8. Oratio R. de Castre ... (here p. 15-17.) | 28 |
| 9. Whoso wilneþ *Aristotle's A B C* (Babees Boke, &c., E. E. T. Soc., 1867, p. 11-12.) | 30 |
| 10. Whi is þis world biloued (here p. 86-7.) | 32 |
| 11. Erþe out of erþe ... (here p. 88-90.) | 35 |
| 12. In þee, god fadir *The Belief* (here p. 101-3.) | 39 |
| 13. Man among þi myrþis *The 16 points of Charity* ... (here p. 114-7.) | 42 |
| 14. Every man schulde teche þis lore or *The Ten Commandments* ... (here p. 104-5.) | 47 |
| 15. I warne eche liif or *The Ten Commandments* ... (here p. 107-113.) | 49 |
| 16. There is no creature *Do mercy bifore þi iugement* ... (here p. 18-21.) | 54 |
| 17. As y gan wandre or *This world is but a vanyte* (here p. 83-5.) | 58 |
| 18. In a noon tijd *Reuertere* ... (here p. 91-4.) | 61 |
| 19. Bi a forest ... *Right wole forþ* (here p. 95-100.) | 66 |
| 20. As resoun rewlid or *Filius Regis* ... (Polit., Religious, and Love Poems, E. E. T. Soc., 1866, p. 205-13.) | 74 |
| 21. This is goddis owne complaint ... ... (Political, Religious, and Love Poems, 1866, p. 161-9.) | 81 |
| 21. If þou wole be well ... (Prose. Here p. 40.) | 88 |
| 21. Loue is lijf (here p. 22-31.) | 90 |

| | Page of MS. |
|---|---|
| 22. The good wijf tauȝte hir douȝtir ... (Babees Boke, &c., E. E. T. Soc., 1867, p. 36-47.) | 102 |
| 23. From þe tyme / *God send us paciens* (here p. 79-82.) | 113 |
| 24. Bothe ȝonge & olde ... (here p. 32-4.) | 117 |
| 25. How Mankinde dooþ bigynne ... / *The Mirror* ... (here p. 58-78.) | 120 |
| 26. Mi dere sone / *Stans Puer* ... (Babees Boke, &c., E. E. T. Soc., 1867, p. 27-33.) | 150 |
| 27. Sone y schal þee schewe ... / *Se what Our Lord suffride* ... (here p. 32-4.) | 155 |
| 28. Whanne Mary was greet ... / *Parliament of Devils* (here p. 41-57.) | 157 |
| 29. If so be þat lechis ... (Babees Boke, &c., E. E. T. Soc., 1867, p. 54-8.) | 182 |
| 30. Listniþ lordingis / *How the wise man taught his Son* (Babees Boke, &c., p. 48-52.) | 186 |
| 31. Thus oure graciousgod / *The Complaint of Christ* ... (Political, Rel., and Love Poems, 1866, p. 169-203.) | 193 |
| 32. In my ȝonge age / *I wiyte my silf myn owne woo* ... (here p. 35-?.) | 226 to 233 |

# NOTES.

Pref. p. vi, l. 6. A just judgment of God. Compare Cotgrave's "*Vne Iambe de dieu.* Soe doe the canting and blasphemous rogues of France tearme a cankered, gangrened, or desperately-sore leg." A.D. 1611.

p. 35. *I wiyte myself myn owne woo.* Sir F. Madden, in his Introduction to *Syr Gawayne*, p. lxv, notes another copy of this, "a Poem in ten eight-line stanzas, the burden of which is 'I wite my self myne owne wo,' on fol. 71 of MS. Rawlinson, C. 86, Bodleian Library. It begins 'In my youthe fulle wylde I was.'" Another is printed from MS. Cotton. Calig. A II fol. 106, v° in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, v. 1, p. 197-200. It is in 15 stanzas of 8, with two introductory lines:

I may say, and so may mo,
I wyte mysylfe myne owene woo.

p. 41. "The Parlyament of Deuylles" was also "Enprynted In London In Powels chyrcheyarde By Julyan Notary. A. M. M.CCCCC. & xx"; and Wynkyn de Worde's edition of 1509 was "reprinted by Nicol for R. Heber, Esq., as his contribution to the Roxburghe Club, but for private reasons, never issued to its members." *Bohn's Lowndes.* Colophon. "Thus endeth the parlyament of deuylles. Enprynted by Wynkyn de word / prynter unto the moost excellent pryncesse my lady the kynges moder. The yere of our lorde .M.CCCCC. & ix."

p. 58. *Mirror of the Periods of Man's Life.* "The auncient sages by curious notes haue found out, that certaine yeeres in mans life be very perilous. These they name climacterical or stayrie yeares, for then they saw great alterations. Now a climacterical yeare is euery seauenth yeare . . Hence is it that in the seauenth yeere children doe cast and renew their teeth. In the fourteenth yeere proceedeth the strippling age. In the one and twentieth, youth. And when a man hath past seauen times seauen years, to weet, nine and fortie yeares, he is a ripe and perfect man. Also, when he attaineth to ten times seauen yeeres, that is, to the age of threescore and ten, his strength and chiefest vertue beginnes to fall away." W. Vaughan, *Natural and Artificial Directions for Health*, 1602, pp. 47-8.

In Admiral Swinburne's incomplete copy of *The noble lyfe & natures of man Of bestes / serpentys / fowles & fisshes y^t^ be moste knowen*, by Laurens Andrewe of y^e^ towne of Calis, is a large cut running across both pages (a iii b, a iv), of the Ten Ages of Man, in ten double compartments, boy and man in the ten stages at top, and the ten beasts he is likened to, underneath. Below are verses applying to each age.

"Here after foloweth the ten ages of mankynde lykened be ten dyuers bestis as here is expresly shewed / and how the nature of mankynde dothe chaunge from ten . . . . . tyme of a . . . . . co . . .

[Cut of] The .X. Ages.

[Fro]M one vnto .x. a childe is he
[Whyp]inge his toppe with sporte & playe
[Lep]yng as y^u^ gote right merily.
. . . . s his care bothe nyght & day
[At .xx. yere he is iocond an]d plesand
. . . . . t pryde
. . . . . .

¶ At .xxx. yere he is named a man
And syb to the bull of nature stronge
Reuenginge his right where euer he can
with whome it be bothe short & longe

¶ Nowe forty yere he is ywys
Condicyond as a lyon in euery degre
Which maketh hym often withouten mys
To lese his wysdom beleue ye me

¶ At fifty yere then can he glose
Wily as the forein worde and dede
That euer wyll wynne & neuer lose
& eke of his seruyse he wyl haue mede

¶ At threscore yere he dothe descende
But couetyse in him is roeted than
Euyn as the wolfe he doth amenden
y^t^ woroeth the shepe wher euer he can

At .lxx. he is syb to the hownde
y^t^ gnaweth y^e^ bone so doth he his hart
All sportes he casteth to the grownde
Lest therfore his sowle sholde smart

¶ At fourscore yere withouten fayle
He is disdayned with man and wyfe
Syb to the Cat that lycketh her tayle
Euer be the fyre that is his lyfe

¶ At fourscore & x he is s . . .
Scorned of man and child h[e is]
From hym is wisdom & st[rength gone]
Echone wyll his deth in b . . .

¶ At .C. yere dethe commes . . . . . .
& maketh him as a gose y^t^ i[s] . . .
So plucke y^e^ frendes . . . . . .
But he in erthe is s . . . . . "

The inquirer as to climacterical years is referred to "A Succinct Phylosophical Declaration of the nature of clymaterical yeares occasioned by the death of Queene Elizabeth" in MS. Sloane 2117, fol. 231.

p. 83. *This worlde is but a vanite.* A later copy of this Poem, with the burden "This world is but a wannyté", was printed by Mr. Halliwell for the Warton Club in 1855, in *Early English Miscellanies*, p. 9-12. It has ten stanzas of eight lines each, and winds up with an extra "In Domino confydo. Amen, dico vobis."

p. 88. *Erþe vppon erþe.* In Mr. Halliwell's *Early English Miscellanies* from the Porkington MS., Warton Club, 1855, is a later and somewhat different version of this poem in twelve stanzas of six, and two introductory stanzas of seven lines. Mr. Halliwell calls the Porkington one "the most complete copy known to exist." It seems a late recast of the old version. Mr. Halliwell also notes, p. 94, "Other versions, varying considerably from each other, are preserved in MS. Seld. sup. 53; MS. Rawl. C. 307; MS. Rawl. Poet. 32; MS. Lambeth 853 (in this text); and in the Thornton MS. in Lincoln Cathedral (fol. 279). Portions of it are occasionally found inscribed on the walls of churches."

p. 128. Archbishop Scrope's Death. See the Latin Poem on this in Mr. Thomas Wright's *Political Songs*, v. 2, p. 114-18.

# Hymns to the Virgin, Christ, &c.

## Veni, Coronaberis.

(A SONG OF GREAT SWEETNESS FROM CHRIST TO HIS DAINTIEST DAM.)

(*Lambeth MS.* 853, *ab.* 1430 A.D., *page* 1.)

SUrge mea sponsa, swete in siȝt',
And se þi sone þou ȝafe souke so scheene;
þou schalt' abide with þi babe so briȝt',
And in my glorie be callide a queene.
Thi mammillis, moder, ful weel y meene,
Y had to my meete þat' y myȝt' not mys;
Aboue alle creaturis, my moder clene,
Veni, coronaberis.

Arise, My beloved, who gavest Me suck

from thy breasts.

Above all creatures thou shalt be crowned.

Come, clenner þan cristal, to my cage;
Columba mea, ỳ þee calle,
And se þi sone þat' in seruage
For mannis soule was made a þralle.
In þi palijs so principal
I pleyde priuyli wiþoute mys;
Myn hiȝ cage, moder, haue þou schal;
Veni, coronaberis.

Come, My dove,

and see thy son who was made a slave for man.

Thou shalt have His high place, and be crowned.

Daughter of Sion, spotless flower,

For macula, moder, was neuere in þee;
Filia syon, þou art þe flour;

thou shalt sit crowned by Me,

Ful sweteli schalt þou sitte bi me,
And bere a crowne with me in tour,

[Page 2.] and all My saints shall honour thee.

¶ And alle my seintis to þin honour
Schal honoure þee, moder, in my blis,
þat blessid bodi þat bare me in bowr,
Veni, coronaberis.

Princess of Paradise, Mother fair,

Tota pulcra þou art to my plesynge,
My moder, princes of paradijs,
Of þe watir ful weel gan sprynge
þat schal azen alle my riztis rise;

the well of mercy in thee shall bring thy blessed body to bliss. Come and be crowned.

¶ þe welle of mercy in þee, moder, lijs
To bringe þi blessid bodi to blis;
And my seintis schulen do þee seruice,
Veni, coronaberis.

Come, My chosen one, Maiden Queen,

Veni, electa mea, meekeli chosen,
Holi moder & maiden queene,
On sege to sitte semeli bi him an hiz,
þi sone and eek þi childe.

dwell here with Me in bliss,

¶ Here, moder, wiþ me to dwelle,
With þi swete babe þat sittiþ in blis;
þere in ioie & blis þat schal neuere mys,

and be crowned.

Veni, coronaberis.

[Page 3.] Sweet Mother, remember the dew that dropped from our lips when we kissed.

Veni, electa mea, my moder swete,
Whanne þou bad me, babe, be ful stille,
Ful goodli oure lippis þan gan mete,
With briztˢ braunchis as blosmes on hille.

¶ Fanus distillans it wente with wille,
Oute of oure lippis whanne we dide kis,
þerfore, moder, now ful stille,

Come and be crowned.

Veni, coronaberis.

Veni de libano, þou loueli in launche, — Come from Lebanon, thou
þat lappid me loueli *with* liking song, — who sangst Me to
þou schalt abide *with* a blessid braunche, — sleep,
þat so semeli of þi bodi sprong.

¶ Ego, flos campi, þi flour, was solde, — Me who on
þat on calueri to þe cried y-wys: — Calvary cried to
Moder, þou woost þis is as y wolde; — thee.
Veni, coronaberis.

Pulcra vt luna, þou berist þe lamme, — Lovely as moon-
As þe sunne þat schineþ clere, — light,
Veni in ortum meum, þou deintiest damme, — come thou to Me.
To smelle my spicis[1] þat here ben in fere.
My palijs is pizt for þi pleasure, — [Page 4.]
Ful of briȝt braunchis & blosmes of blis; — My palace is dight with blossoms of bliss.
Come now, moder, to þi derling dere! — Come, Mother, come and be crowned.
Veni, coronaberis.

Quid est ista so vertuose — Who is she that shall endure for ever for her meekness?
þat is euere lastyng for her meekenes?
Aurora consurgens graciouse,
So benigne a ladi, of such briȝtnes,
¶ þis is þe colour of kinde clennes,
Regina celi þat neuere dide mys; — The Queen of Heaven, who never sinned.
þus eendiþ þe song of greet swetnes, — Come thou then, and be crowned!
Veni, coronaberis.

[*Quia Amore Langueo*, or "In a tabernacle of a tour," and its continuation "In a valey of þis restles mynde," printed in *Political, Religious, and Love Poems*, pp. 148-150, follow here. Then "Ihesu, þi swetnes," p. 8, and "Ihesus þat sprong," p. 12, of this volume.]

[1] Compare "Awake, O north wind, and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, *that* the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits." *Solomon's Song*, ch. iv. 16. "My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies." vi. 2.

# Hail, Blessed Mary!

[*Lambeth MS.* 853, *ab.* 1430 A.D., *page* 24.]

The heavy Clarendon letters mark the red of the MS.

Hail, Mary, Mother of

**H**Eil be þou, marie, þe modir of *cri*st',
Heil þe blessidist' *þat'* eu*er*e bare child!
Heil þat' conceyuedist' al wiþ list'
the Son of God! þe sone of god boþe meeke & mylde!
Maiden, never defouled, ¶ Heil maide sweete þat' neu*er*e was filid!
Heil welle and witt' of al wijsdome!
fairest flower of the field. Heil þou flour! heil fairest' in feeld!
**Aue regina celorum!**

Hail, comely Queen, **H**eil comeli queene, cou*m*fort' of care!
Heil blessid lady bothe fair & briȝt'!
healer of all pain. Heil þe saluour of al sore!
Heil þe lau*m*pe of lemys liȝt'!
[Page 25.] Hail, mother of Christ, ¶ Heil þou blessid beerde i*n* whom [crist'] was piȝt'!
Heil ioie of ma*n* bothe al and sum!
Heil pinacle in heuene an hiȝt',
the king of Angels. **Mater regis angelorum!**

Hail, fairest of all, who bred our bliss, on whom all women in child-bed call. **H**eil crowned queene, fairest' of alle!
Heil þat' alle oure blis in bradde!
Heil þat' alle wo*m*men on doon calle
in temynge whanne þei be*n* hard bistadde!
All fiends dread thee, who feddest thy Son with maiden milk, ¶ Heil þou þat' alle feendis dredde,
And schulen do til þe day of doome!
Thou flower of virgins. *Wi*th maidens mylk þi sone þou fedde,
**O maria, flos virginum.**

Heil fairest' þat' euere god foond, — Hail, choice of God,
Whiche chees þee to his owne bour!
Heil þe lanterne þat' is ay liȝthond!
28 To þee schulen loute boþe riche & poore. — whom rich and poor adore.
¶ Heil spice swettist' of sauour!
Heil þat' al oure ioye of come! — Hail, fruit and flower of
Heil of alle wommen fruyt' & flour! — womankind.
32 **Velud[1] rosa vel lilium.** — [1 *velud; l, u,* and *d* rubbed]

Heil be þou goodli grou*n*d of grace! — [Page 26.]
Heil blessid sterre upon þe see! — Hail, Star upon the sea,
Heil of coumfortis in euery caas!
36 ¶ Heil þe cheeuest' of charitee! — chiefest in charity,
Heil welle of witt' and of merci!
Heil þat' bare ih*es*u, goddis sone!
Heil tabernacle of þe trynyte! — tabernacle of the Trinity.
40 **Funde preces ad filium.**

Heil be þou virgyne of virgins!
Heil blessid modir! heil blessid may! — Hail, blessed maiden.
Heil norische of sweete ihesus!
44 Heil cheefest' of chastite, forsoþe to say!
¶ Lady, kepe vs so i*n* oure last' day — In our last day bring us to thy
þat' we may come to þi kingdom! — realm.
For me & alle cr*i*sten þou pray, — Pray for all faithful souls!
48 **Pro salute fidelium. Amen.**

# Aue Maria.

[*Lambeth MS.* 853, *ab.* 1430 A.D., *page* 26. *Partly written without breaks.*]

Hail, Mary, Queen and Star of Heaven! help me and hear my prayer.

HEil be þou marie, *cristis* moder dere,
*þat*' art' queene of heue*n*, fair and sweete of chere,
*þat*' art' sterre of heue*n* schiny*n*ge bri3t' & clere!
[1 Page 27.] Helpe me, lady [1]ful of my3t', & heere my *praiere*
**Aue maria.**

To thee I make my moan: let me not die in any of the Seven Sins.

Heil blessid marie, mylde queene of heue*n*!
Blessid be þi name, ful good it' is to nempne:
To þee, lady, y make my moone; I *praie* þee heere my steue*n*,
And let' me neue*re* die *in* noo*n* of þe sy*nn*is seuene.
**Aue maria.**

Hail, Mary, flower of all!

Heil be þou marie þat' art' flour of alle,
As roose in eerbir so reed!

To thee I pray:

To þee, ladi, y clepe and calle,
To þ^e^ y make my beed;

be by me when I die,

þou be *in* stide & in stalle
Whanne y schal drawe to deed,

and save me from Satan's bonds.

*And* lete me neue*re* falle
*in* boondis of þe queed!
**Aue maria.**

Grant me my prayer,

Heil be þou, marie, *þat*' hi3 sittist' in troone!
Y biseche þee, sweete lady, grau*n*te me my boone,

Ihesu to loue & drede, & my lijfe to ameende soone, amend my life, and bring me to everlasting bliss.
And bring' me to þat' blis þat' neuere schal be doone.

**Aue maria.**

Heil be þou marie, gloriouse moder hende! Send me meekness and charity, that I may go to heaven.
Meeknes & honeste, with abstynence, me sende,
With chastite & charite into my lyues eende,
And þat' þoruȝ þi praier, lady, I mote to heuen blis weende!

**Aue maria.**

[*Oratio Magistri Richardi de Castre*, p. 15, below, follows here.]

# Poems to Christ.

## The Sweetness of Jesus.

[*Lambeth MS.* 853, *ab.* 1430 A.D., *page* 14.]

Jesu, beside Thy sweetness all earthly love is bitter.

Teach me firmly to set my heart on Thee.

No earthly love delights like Thine, the King of Love.

I would my heart were wholly Thine.

[Page 15.]

If Nature bids me love my kin, I should love Thee first, who didst put Thy likeness in my soul.

IHesu, þi swetnes, who-so myȝte it se,
And þerof haue a cleere-knowynge,
Al erþeli loue bittir schulde be
Saue þin a-loone without leesinge.
I praie þee, lord, þat lore leere me,
Aftir þi loue to haue longynge,
And sadli to sette myn herte on þee,
In þi loue to haue most liking.

So likinge loue in erþe noon is;
In soule who-so coude him soþeli se,
Him to loue were mykil blis,
For king of loue callid is he.
¶ With true loue, y wolde þis,
So faste to him bounde be,
þat myne herte were holli his
So þat no þing likid me but he.

IF y for kyndenes schulde loue my kyn,
þan me þenkiþ in my þouȝte
Bi kyndeli skile y schulde bigynne
At him þat haþ me maade of nouȝt.
¶ His lijknes he sette my soule with-inne,
And al þis world for me haþ wrouȝt,
As fadir he fondid my loue to wynne,
For to heuene he haþ me brouȝt.

As moder of him, y make now mynde,
þat bifore my birþe to me toke hede, Before my birth He cared for me,
And siþen *with* baptym waischiþ þat kynde
þat foulide was þoruȝ adams dede.
¶ *With* noble mete he norischiþ *our*e kynde, and now feeds our race with His blood.
For *with* his fleisch he dooþ us fede,
A bet*er*e fode may no man fynde,
To lastynge lijf it wole us lede.

Oure broþ*er* & sustir he is bi skile, He is the brother and sister of
For he so seiþe, & lerid us þat lore
þat who so wrouȝte his fadris wille those who do His Father's will.
Briþ*er*en & sustren to him þei wore.
¶ Mi kinde also he took þer-tille, [Page 16.] He took my nature, and so I trust Him.
Ful truli truste y him þerfore
þat he wole neu*er*e lete me spille,
But wiþ his mercy salue my sore.

The loue of him passiþ, certis, His love passes all earthly love,
Al erþeli loue þat may ben here;
God & man, my spouse he is, and He is my spouse.
Weel ouȝte y, wrecche, to loue him dere.
¶ Boþe heuen and erþe holli is his,
He is lord of greet powere,
Callid he is þe kyng of blis, His name is King of Bliss.
His loue me longiþ for to leere.

Aftir his loue me þenkiþ long
For he haþ myne ful dere y-bouȝte; He bought my love full dear,
Whanne y was wente fro him *with* wrong,
From heuen to erþe he me souȝte.
¶ Mi wrecchid kynde for me he fonge, took my wretched nature, and
And al his nobley he sette as nouȝt,
Pouert he suffride, & peynes stronge, brought me to
Aȝen to blis or he me brouȝte. bliss.

[Page 17.]
Love for me brought Him to earth,

Whanne y was þral, to make me fre,
Mi loue fro heuene to erþe him ledde,
My loue aloone haue wolde he,
For þerfore he leide his lijf to wedde.

and for that He pledged His life,

¶ Wiþ my foo he fauȝte for me,
Woundid he was, and bittirli bledde,

and shed His precious blood.

His preciouse blood ful greet plente
Ful piteuouseli for me was schedde.

His sides were bloody, His heart pierced with a spear.

Hise sidis bloo and blodi were
þat' sumtyme were ful briȝt' of blee;
His herte was persid wiþ a spere,
Hise ruli woundis were ruþe to se.

He gave His life for my guilt.

¶ Mi raunsum forsoþe he paied þere,
And ȝaf his lijf for gilt' of me,
His deeþ schulde be to me ful dere,
And perse myn herte for pure pitee.

My heart should break with pity,

For pitee myn herte schulde breke on two,
To his kyndenes if y took hede;

for I was cause of all His woe.

Encheson y was of al his woo,
He suffride ful harde for my mis-dede.

[Page 18.]
For me He suffered death,

¶ To lastyng' lijf þat' y schulde go,
He suffride deeþ in his manhede;
And whanne his wille was to lyue also,

and rose again,

Aȝen he roos þoruȝ his godhede.

and went to heaven.

To heuen he wente with myche blis
Whanne he ouercome his bataile,

He protects me from my foes,

His baner ful brode displaied is
Whanne so my fo wole me assaile.

the friend that never fails, and asks only my love again.

¶ Weel ouȝte y, wrecche, to ben his,
He is þat' freend þat' neuere wole faile:
No þing' desiriþ he þat' is,
But true loue aȝen for his trauaile.

Thus wolde my spouse for me fi3t',
And for me was woundid sore,
For my loue his deep was di3t';
What loue my3te he kipe more?
¶ To 3elde his loue haue y no my3te
But' loue him hertili perfore,
And worche weel with werkis ri3t'
Pat he hap lerid me with loueli lore.

For me He was wounded sore,
and died.
I cannot repay His love, but
only obey His commands.

Wip loueli lore his werkis to fille,
Weel ou3te y, wrecche, if y were kynde,
Ny3t' & day to worche his wille,
And euere haue pat' lord in mynde.
¶ But' goostli foos greuen me ille,
And my freel fleisch makip me blinde;
Perfore his mercy y take me tille,
For betere bote can y noon fynde.

[Page 19.]
I must alway work His will;
but my foes and flesh blind me.
I fly to His mercy,

Betere bote is noon to me
pan to his mercy truli me take
Pat' with his fleisch hap made me free,
And me, wrecche, his childe wole make.
¶ I praie pat' lord for his pitee
Pat' he for synne me not' forsake,
But' 3eue me grace fro synne to flee,
And him to loue let' me neuere slake.

which is my best remedy.
O Lord, forsake me not, but give me grace to love Thee.

Ihesu, for pe swetnes pat' in pee is,
Have mynde of me whan y hens wende,
With stidfast' trupe my wittis pou wis,
And, lord, pou scheelde me from pe feende!
¶ For pi mercy for3eue me my mys,
Pat' wickid werk my soule neuere schende,
And lede me, lord, in-to pi blis,
With pee to wone without ende. AMEN.

For Thy sweetness
keep me from the evil one!
[Page 20.]
For Thy mercy
lead me into bliss, ever to dwell with Thee!

# Be my Coumfort, Crist Ihesus!

[*Lambeth MS.* 853, *ab.* 1400 A.D., *page* 20.]

Jesu,

IHesus þat' sprong of iesse roote,
As us haþ prechid þi prophete,
Flour and fruyt' boþe softe and sote,
savour sweet to man's soul, To mannis soule of sauour sweete;
Ihesu! þou brouȝtist' man to boote
Whanne gabriel gan marie greete,
To felle oure foomen vndir foote,
In hir þou siȝ a semeli sete:
Thou Virgin's son! ¶ A mayden was þi modir meete,
Of whom þou took fleisch for us;
Son, and Mother, comfort me! As ȝe may boþe my balis beete,
So be my coumfort', crist' ihesus.

Jesu,

Ihesu, þou art' wijsdom of witt'
Of þi fadir ful of myȝt'!
to save man's soul Thou wert poorly clad, put in a cradle, [Page 21.] Mannys soule, to saue it',
In poore aparaile þou were þiȝt'.
¶ Ihesu! þou were in cradil knyt',
In wede wrappid boþe day & nyȝt',
born in Bethleem. In bethleem born, as þe gospel writt',
With aungelis song and heuene liȝt'.
Barn y-born of a beerde briȝt',
By Thy kiss to Thy mother, Ful curteis was þi comeli cus;
þoruȝ uertu of þat' sweete siȝte,
comfort me! So be my coumfort', crist' ihesus.

Jesu, who wast fair when young, Ihesu, þat' were of ȝeeris ȝong',
Fair and fresch of hide and hue,

Whanne þou were in þraldom þrong', when Thou wert on the Cross,
And turmentid with many a iewe,
¶ Whanne blood and watir were out' wrong',
For beetinge was þi bodi blewe; turnedst blue,
As a clot' of clay þou were for-clonge, and like a clod of clay wast cast in
So deed in þrouȝ þanne men þee þrewe. grave.
¶ But' grace of þi graue grew;
þou roos up quik coumfort' to us. But quickly Thou arose.
For hir loue þat' þis councel knewe,
So be my coumfort', crist' ihesus. Then comfort me.

Ihesu, sooþfast' god and man, [Page 22.]
Two kindis knyt' in oon persone, Jesu, God and man,
þe wondir werk þat' þou bigan
þou hast' fulfillid in fleisch & bone.
¶ Out' of þis world wiȝtli þou wan, soon Thou rose from the dead to
Liftynge up þi silf a-loone;
For myȝtili þou roos, & ran
Streiȝt' vnto þi fadir in trone. Thy Father's throne.
¶ Now dare man make no more moone; Man shall mourn no more,
For man it' is þou wrouȝte þus,
And god wiþ man is maade at' oone,
So be my coumfort', crist' ihesus. so comfort me.

¶ Ihesu crist', holi and hende, Jesu, Thou sentest for Thy Mother to heaven,
þat' beerde was blessid þat' bare þee,
Aftir hir whanne þou gan sende,
In heuene blis wiþ þee to bee.
¶ Out' of þis worlde whanne sche wende,
Boþe bodi & soule were sett' in see and set her higher than the angels on a throne.
Hiȝer þan ony of[1] aungelis kinde,
In troone a-fore þe trynyte. [1] *of* in margin.
¶ þere may þe sone his modir se [Page 23.]
In heuene an hiȝ to helpen us;
þou peerless princes, praie for me! Peerless Princess, pray for me!
And be my coumfort', crist' ihesus. and, Jesus, comfort me!

Jesus, Ihesu, my souereyne sauyour,
Almy3ti god, þere ben no moo:
rule me, Crist', þou be my gouernour,
þi feiþ lete me not' fallen fro.
¶ Ihesu, my ioye and my socoure!
be my food in body and soul, In my body and soule also,
God, þou be my strengist' fode,
And wisse þou me whan me is wo.
¶ Lord, þou makist' freend of foo,
Lete me not' lyue in langour þus,
stay my sorrow, But se my sorowe, & seie now 'ho,'
and comfort me. And be my coumfort', crist' ihesus.

Ihesu, to þee y crie and greede;
Prince of Peace, I pray Thee Prince of pees, to þee y praye;
þou woldist' bleede for mannis nede,
And suffre manye a feerdful fray.
[Page 24.] ¶ þou me fede in al my drede
help me in all my fear, Wiþ pacience now and ay
let me please Thee in word and deed, Mi lijf to lede in word & dede
As is moost' plesaunt' to þi pay,
and die well at my day. ¶ And to deie weel whanne it' is my day.
Ihesu, þat' deied on tree for us,
Be my comfort, Christ! Lete me not' be þe feendis pray,
But' be my coumfort', crist' ihesus! AMEN.

[The two Hymns to the Virgin, "Heil be þou, Marie," printed on pages 4-7 of this Text, follow here.]

# Richard de Castre's Prayer to Jesus.

[*Lambeth MS.* 853, *ab.* 1430 A.D., *page* 28, *written without breaks.*]

**Oratio magistri Richardi de castre, quam ipse posuit.**

IHesu, lord, þat' madist' me, — Jesu,
And wiþ þi blessid blood hast' bouȝt',
Forȝeue þat' y haue greued þee — forgive what I have grieved Thee.
With worde, with wil, & eek with þouȝt'.

¶ Ihesu, in whom is al my trust',
þat' deied upon þe roode tree,
Withdrawe myn herte from fleischli lust', — Withdraw my heart from fleshly lust.
And from al wordli vanyte!

¶ Ihesu, for þi woundis smerte
On feet' & on þin hondis two,
Make me meeke & low of herte, — Make me meek and lowly of heart.
And þee to loue as y schulde do!

¶ Ihesu, for þi bitter wounde
þat' wente to þin herte roote,
For synne þat' haþ myn herte bounde,
þi blessid bloode mote be my bote. — Thy blood must heal my guilt.

¶ And ihesu crist', to þee y calle
þat' art' god ful of myȝt';
Kepe me cleene, þat' y ne falle — Keep me pure from mortal sin.
In deedli synne neiþer be day ne nyȝt'.

¶ Ihesu, graunte me myne askinge,
Perfite pacience in my disese,
Let me never displease Thee.
And neuere mote y do þat þing
þat schulde þee in ony wise displese.

¶ Ihesu, þat art oure heuenli king,
Sooþefast god, & man also,
Grant that I and all to whom I am bound may die well.
[Page 29.]
3eue me grace of good eendinge,
And hem þat Y am holden vnto.

¶ Ihesu, for þe deedly teeris
þat þou scheeddist for my gilt,
Speed my prayers that I may not be condemned.
Here & spede my praiers,
Aud spare me þat y be nȯt spilt.

¶ Ihesu, for them y þe biseche
Keep Thy revenging hand from those who anger Thee.
þat wraþþen þee in ony wise,
With-holde from hem þin hond of wreche,
And lete hem lyue in þi seruice.

¶ Ihesu, moost coumfort for to se
Of þi seintis euerychoone,
Comfort all who are full of care.
Coumfort hem þat careful been,
*And* helpe hem þat ben woo bigoon.

¶ Ihesu, keepe hem þat been goode,
Amend all who have grieved Thee.
*And* ameende hem þat han greued þee,
And sende hem fruytis of erþeli fode
As ech man nediþ in his degree.

¶ Ihesu, þat art with-outen lees
Almy3ti god in trynyte,
Stop these wars, and send us peace.
Ceesse þese werris, & sende us pees
Wiþ lastinge loue & charitee.

Ihesu, þat art þe goostli stoon
Of al holi chirche in myddil erþe,

Bringe þi fooldis & flockis in oon,
And rule hem riȝtli with oon hirde.

Bring Thy flocks and folds in one;

¶ Ihesu, for [1]þi blessidful blood,
Bringe, if þou wolt, þo soulis to blis
For[2] whom y haue had ony good,
And spare þat þei han do a-mys. AMEN.

[1 Page 30.] and bring to bliss all who have done me good. Amen.
[2 ? *for* Fro]

["Who-so wilneþ," printed on pp. 11-12 of *The Babees Book*, &c., follows here, on p. 30 of the MS.]

# Do Merci bifore thi Iugement.

[*Lambeth MS.* 583, *ab.* 1340 A.D., *page* 54, *written without breaks.*]

Our Creator is the maker of all,

There is no creatour[1] but' oon,
Maker of euery creature,
God a-loone, & euer more oon,
And þre in oon alway to endure.

to whom we lament

¶ To þat' lord we make our moone
To whom al counfort' is, & cure,

how frail we are.

To þinke how freel we ben echoon.
In þis world is hard auenture:
¶ Who-so þerof is moost' ensure,
Sumnest' schal he be schamed and schent'.

God, be merciful before thy judgment!

Or þou þe world with fier pure,
Do merci bifore þi iugement'.

Lord, do mercy or þat' þou deeme,

Damn not Thine own work to please the Devil;

Lest' þou dampne þat' þou hast' wrouȝt':
What' ioie were it' a feend to qweme,
To ȝeue him þat' þou hast' dere bouȝt'.

banish us not from thy sight!

¶ Out' of þi siȝt' if þou us fleme,
We ben dampned riȝt' as nouȝt';
þi passioun make us briȝt' & schene
In wil, in worde, in dede & þouȝt'!

[1] MS. 'creature,' but a later hand has written *our* over the *ure* of 'creature,' and dotted the *ure* out.

¶ For whi, synne haþ us þoruȝ souȝt;
þer-fore ameende þou oure entent
To þe doom or we bee brouȝt!
Do mercy bifore þi iugement.

Amend our purposes before Thy Judgment.

We axe þi mercy, þou heuenli king,
For þou art lord of ech degre;
Of erþe þou madist oure bigynnynge,
And aftir with spirit enspirid us free.
¶ Wiþ trees and gras þou ȝaf us growinge,
Wiþ beestis, feelinge lijf haue we,
And with aungils we haue vndirstondinge,
And þerbi we schulden know þee.
þou baddist þat alle schulde multiplie,
But we ben fals & necligent:
For we may not hide us from þin iȝe,
Do merci bifore þi iugement.

[Page 55.]
We ask Thy mercy.
Thou madest us of earth, and breathedst spirit in us,
giving us sentient life with beasts, and knowledge with angels.
We are false, but cannot hide from Thee.
Have Mercy on us!

þou baddist us axe merci, & we schulden haue;
It dooþ us coumfort on þee to calle,
þou hast ordeined man to saue,
For þi merci passiþ þi werkis alle.
¶ þi herte blood for us þou ȝaue,
þou madist us free where we were þralle:
Lete neuere þe feend oure soulis craue
þat waischen was in þin holi welle!
¶ Oure fleisch is freel, it makiþ us falle,
Wiþ grace[1] we risen & schulen repente;
And in hope of þee we schal:
Haue merci to-fore thi iugement.

Thou baddest us ask Mercy.
Thou gavest Thine heart's blood for us:
[1 Page 56.]
our flesh is frail: give us Grace and Hope; and
have Mercy on us.

We axe mercy bi riȝtwijsnes,
For þi biheest is al oure riȝt,
And of þi greet kindenes
þou hast mercy to us bihiȝt.

We rely on Thy promise of
Mercy to us.

We can do nothing of ourselves.

¶ We ne be but' erþe watirlees,
þat' to springe ver*t*u haþ no myȝt';
þis worldis likerose bittirnes
Bireueþ us discrecio*u*n & *our*e siȝt'.

The world, the flesh, and the devil fight with us.

¶ þe feend, þe fleisch, þe worlde, wiþ us ay fiȝt';
þus be we taken in turment';
Have Mercy before Thy Judgment.
þerfore, lord, or þi doom be diȝt',
Do m*er*ci bifore þi iugement'.

We have corrupted our nature with sin;

Wiþ synne we han defoulid oure kinde,
And kinde may we not' eschewe;
To wraþþe þee, god, we be*n* vnkinde;

we are untrue.

þou kindeli king', we be*n* vntrewe!
¶ Aȝens þis can no clerk skile fynde;
Gr*a*ciose god, upon us rewe;

Remember not our trespass; [Page 57.]

Take not' *our*e trespase in to mynde,
But' in þi doom lete m*er*ci sue!

we cannot escape Thee.

¶ For þouȝ we wolden from þee remewe,
In ech place þou art' pr*e*sent';
Or we were born, lord, þou us knewe;

Have mercy on us.

Do merci bifore þi iuggement'.

Lord, we commit our life to Thee;

Lord! oure soule, oure spirit', *our*e lijf,
Into þin hondis, lord, we bitake;
Out' of temptacio*u*n and strijf,

keep us night and day.

Lord, kepe us whe*þer* we slepe or wake.

Jesu, drive

¶ Ih*e*su, for þi wo*u*ndis fyue,
And for þi [blessid] modir sake,

the devil from us when we die;

þe feend away fro*m* us þou dryue
Whanne deeþ w*i*th us maistrie schal make,

let him not seize our souls.

¶ And suffre hi*m* not' oure soule away to take
For whiche on roode þou were to-rent';

Have Mercy before Thy Judgment.

Aȝens þi doom we tremble & quake;
Do m*er*ci tofore þi iugement'!

God, mingle Mercy with Justice,

God, þou deeme us riȝtwijsli,
Medele þou m*er*ci w*i*th execusiou*n*,

For we han forfetid wrongfulli;
Take hede to oure contricioun! take heed to our contrition.
¶ We ȝeelde us synful & sory We are sinful and sorry.
By [1]Knowliche & confessioun;[2] [1 Page 58.]
þi passioun & þi mercy We plead Thy sufferings:
We take to oure entensioun.
¶ Bileeue is oure saluacioun,
With keping of þi comaundement.
God, putte þin holi passioun put them between us and Thy Judgment.
Bitwixe us & þi iugement! Amen.

[2] MS. confessoun.

["As y gan wandre," printed below, follows here.]

# The Love of Jesus.

(*Pages* 90-102, *written without breaks.*)

Love in Christ is everlasting life;

Loue is lijf þat' lastiþ ay
þer*e* it' is in cr*ist'* made fest',
Whan*ne* wele ne wo it' slake may,
As w*rite*n han men wisest'.
¶ þe ny3t' it' turneþ in-to day,

it turns work into rest.

Traueile it' turneþ i*n* to rest':
If þou wolt' do as y þee say,
þou schalt' þan*ne* be w*it*h þe best'.

¶ Loue is a þou3t' w*it*h greet' desijr,
And also of a fair loouy*n*ge;

Love is like a fire;

Loue y likne i*n*-to a fier
þat' slakeen may for no þi*n*g'.

it cleanses us of sin.

¶ Loue clensiþ us of oure sy*n*ne,
loue o*ur*e blis schal bri*n*ge,
Loue þe kingis herte may wy*n*ne,
loue of ioie eu*er*e may synge.

The help of Love reaches to heaven.

þe socour of loue is liftid hie,
For i*n*to heuene it' ran;
Me þenkiþ in herte þat' it' is sli3e,
þat' makiþ þe peple boþe pale & wan.

[Page 91.]

¶ þe beed of blis it' goiþ ful ny3,—
I telle 3ou it' as y can,—

It couples God to man.

þerof us þenkiþ þe wey to drie,
For eu*er*e loue coupliþ god to man.

¶ Loue is hetter þan þe cole — Love is hotter than coal;
To hem þat of it is fayn & frike,
þe flawme of loue, who myȝte it þole,
If it were euermore lijke:
¶ Loue us heliþ, & makiþ in qwart, — it cheers us, and lifts us to heaven.
*And* liftiþ us up in-to heuene-riche,
And loue rauischiþ *crist* in-to oure herte,
I woot nowhere no loue it is lijke.

¶ Leerne to loue if þou wolt lyue — Learn to Love
Whanne þou schalt hens fare;
Al þi þouȝt to him þou ȝeue
þat may þee kepe from care;
¶ Loke þou þin herte fro him not twynne — God, and put not thine heart from Him.
þouȝ þou wandre euery where,
So þou may weelde him with-inne,
And loue him hertili euermore.

Ihesu, þat me loue hast lende, — [Page 92.] Jesu! bring me to Thy Love
In-to þi loue þou me bringe,
Take to þee al[1] myn entente
þat þou be to me myn ȝerninge,
¶ And þat synne from me awei were went, — that sin may leave me,
*And* loue come myn owne coueitynge,
þat my soule hadde herd & hent — and my soul may hear the song of Thy loving.
þe songe of þi sweete louynge.

¶ þi loue is to us euerelastynge — Thy Love lasts ever.
Fro þat tyme þat we may it verrili fele,
þerinne make we euere brennynge,
þat no þing may it uerrili keele.
¶ Mi þouȝt, take it into þin hand, — Take my desire to Thee
And stable þou it ilke a dele,
þat y be no þing hildande — that I may not love the world.
To loue uerrili þe worldis wele.

[1] *al* in margin.

If I love any earthly thing,

¶ If y loue ony erþeli þing
þat paieþ to my wille,
And sette my ioie in foule likinge,
Whanne it may come me tylle.

[Page 93.] at my death it will be poison

I may drede at my departynge
þat it wole be attir & ille,
For alle my welþis ben wepinge
whanne peyne my soule wolde spille.

Earthly joy,

¶ þe ioie þat men heere seen
Is ful likinge vnto þe iʒee;

now fresh and green, soon fades.

þat now is fair, freische, and grene,
And anoon aftir is welkid awey:

Such is the world;

¶ þis is þe world, alle men moun seen,
And wole be vnto domysday,

toil and trouble.

Ful greet traueile, & myche tene;
To flee þat is ful hard in fay.

If you leave evil,

¶ If þou leue yuel in al þi þouʒt,
And hate þe filthe of synne,

and give yourself to Christ,

And ʒeue to him þat þee dere bouʒt,
þat he weelde þee with-inne,
¶ Al þi soule þi lord haþ souʒt,
And, þeroſ he wolde not myzne;

He will bring you to bliss.

þus schalt þou to blis be brouʒt,
And wonye heuene wiþ-ynne.

[1 Page 94.] Love is trusty and true,

¶ For-soþe þe kinde of loue is þis,—
þere it is trusty and trewe,—
To stoonde euere in stabilnes,

never changing.

And chaunge neuere for no newe.

He who finds it need not care.

¶ þat wiʒt þat þat loue may finde,
Or euere in herte it knewe,
Fro care it turneþ þat kinde:
Such a mirþe fyndiþ to fewe.

¶ For-þi, loue þou as y þee rede;
Crist' is trewe loue, as y þe telle; — Christ is true Love.
Wiþ aungilis take þou þi stide;
92 þat' ioie loke þou not' felle.
¶ In erþe hate[1] þou no maner qweed,
But' loke þat' þi loue may dwelle, — Let thy Love be His.
For loue is more strenger þan deed, — It is stronger than death and hell.
96 Loue is more harder þan helle.

¶ Loue is liȝt', & a birþun fyne;
Loue gladiþ boþe ȝonge and oolde; — Love gladdens young and old.
Loue is wiþout' ony pyne,
100 As louers han me toolde.
¶ Loue is goostli deli-[2]ciouse as wijn — [2 Page 95.] It is delicious as wine.
þat' makiþ men boþe big & bolde;
To þat' loue y schal me so faste tyne, — Hold fast to it.
104 þat' y in herte it'[3] euermore holde.

¶ Loue is þe swettiste þing' — Love is
þat' heere in erþe men may han;
Loue is goddis owne derlinge; — God's own darling.
108 Loue byndiþ boþe blood & baan.
¶ In loue, þerfore, be oure likinge; — Let our delight be in it.
I knowe no betere won;
For me oonli, & my louynge,
112 Loue makiþ boþe but' oon.

¶ But' al fleischli loue schal fare — Fleshly love is like May flowers,
As dooþ þe flouris of may,
And schal be lastande þa mare — lasting only an hour.
116 But' as it' were an hour of a day;
¶ And sorewen aftir þat' ful sare — And after comes sore sorrow
Hir lust', her pride, & al her play,
Whanne þei aren cast' in care,
120 In-to pyne þat' lastiþ ay. — In hell.

[1] ? *loue.* [3] *it* in margin.

¶ Whanne her bodies in þe fen liggen,
[Page 96.] When men rise again,
þanne schulen her soulis be in drede,
And up aȝen as men schulen risen,
And answere for her mys dede.

if they have sinned here,
¶ If þei be seen þan in synne,
And now heere þer liif þei ledde,
they shall lie in hell.
þan schulen þei ligge helle wiþ-inne,
And derkenes haue to mede.

Rich men shall rue their sin in hell.
¶ Riche men her hondis schal wrynge,
And her wickid werkes abie
In flawmes of fier bitterli brennynge,
Wiþ care and sorewe schamefastli.

But Love, and then you'll sing to Christ.
¶ If þou wolt loue, þan may þou synge
To þi lord crist in melodie:
þe loue of him ouercomeþ al þing;
In loue lyue we & die.

Jesu, Son of God!
Ihesu! god-is sone þou art,
lord of moost hiȝ magiste,
send Love into my heart!
[1 Page 97.] Sende verrili loue in-to myn herte
Oonly [1]to coueite þee!

Be my Love!
¶ Reue me likinge of þis world,
Mi loue þat þou may be;
Take myn herte in-to þi ward,
And sette þou me in stabilte!

Jesu, maiden's Son!
¶ Ihesu! þou, þe maidens sone,
Pierce my soul with thy spear.
þat with þi blood me bouȝte,
þirle my soule with þi spere anoon,
þat myche loue in men hast wrouȝt.

Make my heart light in thy sweetness.
¶ Me longiþ þou lede me into þi siȝt,
And fastne þere in þee my þouȝt;
In þi swetnes make myn herte liȝt,
þat al my woo wexe to nouȝt.

¶ Ihesu, my god & my loueli king'! — Jesu, my God!
Forsake þou not' my desijr;
Mi þou3t' make to be meekinge; — make me meek;
I hate boþe pride & ire.
¶ þi wil is al my desirynge;
Of loue kyndele þou þe fier, — kindle within me the fire of Love!
þat' y with þi sweete louynge
Wiþ aungils take myn hire.

¶ Wounde þou myn herte wiþ-inne,
And weelde me at' þi wille; — Wield me at Thy will,
Of blis þat' neuere schal blynne,
þou fastne me þat' y not spille.
¶ þat' y þi loue may wynne, — [Page 98.] that I may win
Of grace my þou3t' þou fille, — Thy love
And make me cleene of synne
þat' y may come þee tille. — and come to Thee.

¶ Ihesu! putte in-to myn herte — Jesu, remind me of Thy sufferings.
þe memorie of þi pyne!
In sijknes,[1] and eek in qwarte,
þi loue be euere myne! — give me Thy Love,
Mi ioie is al of þee;
My soule, take it' as þine; — take my soul as Thine.
Mi loue euere wexinge be,
So þat' y neuere dwynne.

¶ My loue is euere in siȝinge — My Love sighs
While y dwelle in þis way;
Mi loue is in þee longynge, — and longs
þat' bindiþ me niȝt' & day
¶ Tille y come vnto my king', — till I come to my King
þere y wone with him may,
And se his fair schynynge
In lijf þat' lastiþ ay. — in Life that lasteth aye.

[1] MS. lijknes.

¶ Longinge is in me so lent
For loue, þat y ne can lete;
Christ has sent me His Love. His loue he haþ me now sent
þat euery bale may bete;
¶ Siþen þat myn herte was brent
In cristis loue so sweete,
All woe has left me. Al woo fro me awei is went
And we neuere aȝen schulen mete.

I sit and sing. ¶ I sitte and synge of loue longynge
[1 Page 99.] þat in my [1]brest is now bred.
Jesu, my joy, Ihesu, my king and my ioiynge!
Whi ne were y to þee led?
¶ Ful weel y woot in al my ȝernynge,
In al ioie, y schulde be fed.
bring me to Thy dwelling. Ihesu! me brynge to þi woniynge,
For þe blood þat þou hast bleed.

Jesus was hung on the Cross, ¶ Demed he was on a crosse to heng,
þe fair aungelis foode;
scourged, Wiþ scourgis þei gan him sore swing
Whanne þat he bounden stoode;
¶ His brist was bloo in betyng,
Not spilt was his blood;
and crowned with thorns. þe þorn crowned þat king
þat doon was on þe roode.

White was His breast, [See *Political R. and L. Poems*, p. 214.] wan his face, White was his nakid breest,
& reed his bloodi side,
Wan was his face fairest,
Hise woundis depe & wide.
¶ þe iewis wolde not þan reste
To pyne him more in þat tide;
down his blood did glide, Al he suffride þat was wisest,
His blood to lete doun glide.

¶ Blyndid were hise faire yȝen,
And al his fleisch bloodi for-bete;
Hise [1]louesum lijf þat alle men siȝe[n], [1 Page 100.]
'Ful myldeli he out gan lete. out he let his lovesome life.

¶ Deed & lijf bigunne to striuen Life was slain,
Whe*þer* myȝt be maister þere;
Liif was slayn, & roos a-ȝen; but rose again to give us bliss.
In-to blis ful fair may we fare.
¶ He þat þee bouȝt haue al þi þouȝt,
And lede he it in to his loore;
ȝeue al þin herte to crist in qwarte, Give thy heart to Christ!
*And* so to loue hi*m* eue*r*more.

¶ I siȝe, y sobbe, boþe day & nyȝt, I sigh and sob for Him;
For oon þat is so fair of hue;
þere is no þing myn herte may liȝt nothing but He can comfort me.
But his loue *þat* is so true.
¶ Who so hadde hi*m* in his siȝte, He alone can
Or in his herte hi*m* knewe,
His moorny*n*ge schulde turne into ioie briȝt, turn mourning into joy.
His longynge into glewe.

¶ In mirþe lyueþ he nyȝt & day He who loves Jesus,
þat loueþ *þat* sweete childe;
Wraþþe wolde from hi*m* awey,
Were he neue*r*e so wielde.
¶ It is ihesu, forsoþe to say, [Page 101.]
Of alle meekist & myelde; meekest and mildest of all,
He þat in herte hi*m* loueþ þat day,
From yuel he wole hi*m* schielde. will be shielded from evil.

¶ Of ihesu þa*n*ne moost list me speke, Of Jesus I must speak,
þat may of al my bale be bote;
Me þinkeþ myn herte wole al to-breke
Wha*n*ne y þinke on þat soote.

for He has caught my heart in Love.

¶ In loue lauȝt' he haþ my þouȝt',
þat' y schal neuere for-lete;
Ful dere me þinkeþ he haþ me bouȝt',
Wiþ bloodi heed, hondis, & feete.

For Love my heart will burst when I see Christ.

¶ For loue myn herte wole to-berste
Whanne y þat' fair loue biholde;
Loue is ful fair þere it' is fest',
þat' neuere wole be coolde.
¶ Loue us reueþ þe nyȝtis rest';
In grace it' makiþ us boolde;

Love is the best of all works.

Of alle werkis loue is þe beeste,
As holi men me haþ tolde.

I sigh when I think on Jesus

¶ No wondir if y siȝhande be,
And siþen in woo al bi-sett';

nailed on the Cross,

Ihesu was nailid upon þe tree;
ȝhe, al bloody for-beet'.
¶ To þinke on him is greet' pitee,
To sè how tenderli he gret';

[Page 102.]

suffering for man.

þis haþ he suffride, man, for þee,
If þat' þou wolt' þi synnes leett'.

The sweetness of Christ's Love none can tell.

¶ þere is no lijf in erþe may telle
Of þis loue þe swetnes:
þat' stidefastli in loue can dwelle,
His ioie is euere eendelees.

God keep him who Loves, from hell.

¶ God schielde þat' he schulde to helle,
þat' of loue longinge kan not' ceesse,
Or euere hise enemyes schulde him qwelle,
Or þat' he so his loue schulde lese.

Jesus is the Love that lasteth aye.

¶ Ihesu is þe loue þat' lastiþ ay,
To him is oure longinge.
Ihesu þe nyȝt' turneþ to day,
And derknes in-to day spryng'.

¶ Ihesu! þinke on us now and ay, Jesu, think on us,
For þee we holde oure kyng'!
Ihesu, ȝeue us grace þat' weel may, and give us
Grace to love
284 To loue þe *with* oute eendynge!—A-M-E-N. thee ever. Amen.

["The good wijf," printed in *The Babees Book*, &c., follows.]

# Se what oure Lord Suffride for oure Sake.

[*Pages* 117—120, *written without breaks.*]

Make good cheer in Christ's name.

BOthe 3onge & oolde, whepir 3e be,
in cristis name good cheer 3e make,

See what he suffered for our sake.

and liftip up 3*oure* hertis, & se
What' oure lord suffride for o*ur*e sake.

Like Him let us suffer too.

as meeke as ony lombe was he,
ensaum*p*le of him weel mowe we take,
& to suffre also in o*ur*e degre,
& in his seruice eu*er*e to wake.

If friends forsake us, let us think on Jesus,

And if o*ur*e freendis forsake us heere
so pat' we be left' al aloone,
pi*n*ke on ih*esus* pat' bou3t' us dere,
& to hi*m* make we al oure moone;

how all his disciples fled but Mary and John.

¶ For of pat' lord weel may we leere
What' wrong' he suffride among' hise foon;
Wha*n*ne hise disciplis fledde*n* for feer,
per bood no mo but' marie & iohne.

If wrong be wrought us, God may help at need: think how [Page 118.] Christ has bought us with His blood.

If ony wrong' to us be wrou3t',
Be it' i*n* word eip*er* in dede,
Be of good hope 3it' *in* pi pou3t'
How god may us helpe alle at' neede,
And pinke we how ih*esus* cr*ist'* us bou3t',
& for oure sy*n*nis hise blood wolde blede;
for his owne gilt' was it' nou3t',
for he dide neu*er*e synful dede.

¶ If wickid men do us defame, — If men defame us,
þinke how *crist*ꝰ was bouȝtꝰ & solde;
to suffre for him is no schame, — let us suffer for Christ,
but him to serue loke we be boold.
And if men hurte us in oure name,
We mustꝰ forȝeue, bo̧þe ȝonge & olde, — and forgive.
For þouȝ we suffre myche blame, — He suffered 1000 fold more.
*crist*ꝰ suffride moore a þousand foold:

*And* of pouertꝰ þouȝ we wolde playne, — If poverty pinch us,
for þatꝰ we wanten worldli good,
þinke we on ihesu, þatꝰ lord souereyn, — think how Jesus hung, poor, on the Cross,
how pore he hengꝰ upon þe roode,
¶ And how he stryued notꝰ ageyn,
butꝰ euere was meeke & mylde of mood. — meek and mild.
to folewe þatꝰ lord we schulden be fayn, — Follow Him.
in whatꝰ degre þatꝰ euere we stood.

& þouȝ we haue sorowe on ech side, — If sorrow come, and wrong,
& al aboute wrongꝰ & woo,
ȝitꝰ suffre meckeli, & a-bide, — still suffer meekly and think on Jesus
And þinke on ihesu þatꝰ suffride also, — [Page 119.]
and how he was in ful greetꝰ drede,
Vnto hise peynis whanne he schulde go;
he suffride moore in hise manhede — who suffered more than any man.
þan euere dide man, or euere schal do.

¶ þouȝ we *with* wrongꝰ to deeþ be brouȝtꝰ, — If we be wrongly brought to death,
ȝitꝰ suffraunce is a sikir way
For þe loue of ihesu þatꝰ us dere bouȝtꝰ — yet suffer still
& deide for us on good friday;
Wherfore us þinkiþ in oure þouȝtꝰ
þatꝰ we oure lord schulde please & pay, — and please our Lord.
And we to sette þis world atꝰ nouȝtꝰ,
*And* suffre we wickid men to say.

In ihesu *crist* was meekenes moostꝰ, — Christ, through meekness, overcame
*And* þerfore he þe maistrie hadde,

and bound the Devil,

*And* boond þe feend for al his boost'
þat' he was neuere so sore adradde.

and brought Adam, Eve, and others, from hell.

¶ Al aȝens his wil & al his oost'
Adam & eue *with* him he ladde,
And many moo out' of þat' coost'
þat' weren in *pr*isoun ful hard bistadde.

If you follow Jesus,

*And* if þou *in* ihesu haue delite,
þouȝ al þe world do þee assaile,
Do aftir þis, & þou schalt' wite
[1 Page 120.] you shall find that Meekness will prevail,
þat' meekenes [1]Wole þee moost' availe;
For who þat' suffriþ heere dispite,
*And* meekeli a-bidiþ *in* þat' bataile,
bringing you to endless joy.
it wole turne he*m* to greet' profite
& eendlees ioie for her trauaile.

If any man do you wrong,

¶ If ony man do to us a mys,
Or wole in ony wise to us offende,
for þe loue of ihesu haue my*n*de on þis,
for Jesus' love
& lete meekenes þi mood ameende
wiþ ihesu *crist'*, as oon of his,
suffer it; you shall dwell with Him in bliss.
*And* suffre meekeli what' god wole sende,
þanne schal we be *with* him in blis
þat' euere schal laste wiþouten eende. A-M-E-N.

["How mankinde dooþ bigynne," pp. 58-78 of this Text, follows here.]

# I wiyte my silf myn owne woo.

[*Lambeth MS.* 853, *ab.* 1430 A.D., *page* 226-33.]

[1]IN my ȝonge age ful wielde y was, — In my youth I was very wild,
Mi silf þat tyme cowde y not knowe,
Y wolde haue my wil in euery place,
*And* þat haþ now brouȝt me ful lowe. — and that has brought me low.
Þinke, ihesu, how y am þin owe! — But, Jesu, think how I am thine.
For me weere þi sidis boþe pale & bloo!
To chastise me þou doist it, y trowe; — I blame myself for my woe.
Y wiyte my silf myne owne woo!

¶ I made couenaunt, true to be, — I kept not my baptismal covenant,
Firste whanne y baptisid was;
Y took to þe world, & wente from þee,
Y folewide þe feend al in his traas; — but followd the devil,
From wraþþe and enuye wolde y not pas;
Coueitise and auarise y usid also,
My fleische hadde his wille, alas! — let my flesh have its will,
Y wiyte my silf myn owne woo!

¶ Now y woot y was ful wielde, — and was rebellious.
In þat my wil passid my witt;
Y was ful sturdy, & þou ful myelde;
Ihesu, lord, y knowe weel it. — But, Jesu,
Of þi blis y were ful qwytt — [Page 227.]
If y hadde aftir þat y haue do;
But to þi merci y truste ȝitt, — I trust to Thy mercy.
Y wiyte my silf myn owne woo!

[1] *I* goes to line 7.

I was proud and extravagant,

¶ I was hiȝ of herte and stowte,
And in my cloþing' wondre gay;
I lokide men schulde vn-to me lowte
Where-so þat' y wente bi þe wey.

caring only for women and dress.

Faire wo*m*men, and good aray,
Al myn entent' y took þer-to;
Aȝen þi techinge eue*r*e y seide nay;
I wite my silf myn owne woo!

I trusted riches, not God,

¶ I trustide more to worldli good
þan to god þat' it' me sente;
Weelþe made me hiȝ of mood;
Lust' and likyng' me ouer wente.

and stuck at nothing to get money.

To gete good y wolde not' stente,
Y ne rouȝte how y come þer-to;
To þe poore y neiþ*er* ȝaf ne lente;
Y wiyte my silf myn owne woo!

[Page 228.] Lord, I feard Thee not,

¶ Lord, y hadde no drede of þee;
Mi grace wente away þerfore;

but Thou

But', lord, as þou bouȝtist' me,
So lete me neue*r*e be for-lore.

suffered'st for me.

For me þou suffredist' peines sore;
þou art' my freend, and y þi foo;

Have mercy on me!

Mercy, lord! y wole no more;
Y wiyte my silf myn owne woo!

Three evil things ruin a man.

¶ þer ben .iij. poyntis of myscheef
þat' ben confusiou*n* to many a man,
Which þat' worchen to her soulis g*r*eet' greef;
Y schal hem rehersen as y can.

I. The desire of poor men to look like rich ones.

Poore men proud, þat' litil han,
þei wolen be a-raied as riche me*n* goo;
þei hindren hem silf & oþir þan,
*And* mowe wiyte hem silf her owne woo.

II. The covetousness of rich men,

¶ A riche man, þeef, is anothir,
þat' of coueitise wole not' slake;

If he *with* wrong' bigile his broþir, — cheating others,
Heuene blis he schal forsake;
Bifore god, for þeefte it' is take, — [Page 229.] which with God is theft.
Al þat' *with* wrong' he wynneþ so;
But' if he here a-meendis make[1] — [1 MS. *made*]
he schal wiyte *him* silf his owne woo.

¶ An oolde men lecchou*r*, þe þridde it' is, — III. The lechery of old men.
For his complexiou*n* wexiþ coolde;
It' bringeþ þe soule to peyne fro*m* blis,
It' stinckeþ on god so manye foolde.
Theise .iij. þat' y haue of toold — These three please the Devil.
Ben pleasinge to þe feend oure foo;
Hem to use, who is so boold,
May wiyte hi*m* silf his owne woo.

¶ Manye defautis god may fynde — God shows us
In vs þat' schulde hise seruau*n*tis be;
He schew*ith* us loue, & we vnkinde, — love, and we look
Certis þe more to blame be wee.
Su*m*me staren broode & mou*n* not' se, — away from Him through sin.
Synne is þe cause it' fariþ soo;
Suche dreden not' god, y seie to þee, — We may blame ourselves for our own woe.
And may wiyte he*m* silf her owne woo.

¶ In .iij. þingis y dare weel sayn — [Page 230.] In three things we should worship God, Righteousness, Mercy, Chastity,
god schulde be worschipide ou*er* al þi*n*g';
do riȝtwijsnes *with* mer*c*i *with* al þi mayn;
þe þridde is cleennesse in lyuynge:
To bischopis & curatis þat' han kepi*n*ge, — which bishops, curates, and lords are bound to keep.
it' is her charge, & to lordis also.
and if þei contrarie god-is biddi*n*ge,
þei may wiyte he*m* silf her owne woo.

¶ wro*n*g' is an hiȝ seete þere riȝt' schulde be, — Wrong is now set up where Right should be.
merci for mys deede is putt' away;

Lechery drives away Purity.

letcherie haþ made clennesse to flee,
Loue may not' abide nyght' ne day.
þus þe feend, y dare weel say,
wole make oure freend *our*e moost' foo:

Man, amend, or blame yourself for your own torment.

man, amende þee whilis þou may,
Or wiyte þi silf þin owne woo.

I must be troubled while I follow my own will.

¶ It' is no wondir þou3 y be woo
myn owne wil while y wole sewe,
& my lordis bidding' wole not' doo:
y am ful fals, but' he is trewe,
[Page 231.]
And 3it' he fyndiþ me *with* al þing' newe,
I serve the devil.
*And* y serue þe feend, and go him froo;
But' if y amende, it' schal me rewe,
And may wiyte my silf my*n* owne woo.

Priests, knights, and labourers shall all suffer if they do wrong,

¶ In þre degrees þe world kept' is,
*With* preestis, kny3tis, and laborere,
And which of hem þat' doon amys,
þei schulen it' abie wondir deer.
Bi good ensaum*p*lis þe *pre*estis schuld lere
þe vnleerned how þei schulden doo:
If her word & werk coorde not' in fere;

and blame themselves for their distress.

þei mowe wite he*m* silf her owne woo.

Lords should help the poor,

¶ Kny3thode also, lordis, ne oþir,
Schulden not' be of conscience light',
þei schulde*n* helpe her poore sust*er* or bro*þer*,

but instead often oppress them,

And also strengþe hem in her ryght'
þoru3 pride & coueitise su*mm*e leesen he*r* my3t';

and when in woe will have to blame themselves.

For letcherie, grace is kept' he*m* froo;
If þei biholde her owne in-sygh*t*',
þei mowe wiyte he*m* silf he*r* owne woo.

[Page 232.]
Labourers should

¶ þe laborer schulde truly traueile þan,
And be ri3tful boþe in worde & deede,

And what-euere werkis þat' he can, — work well, and take reasonable wages.
And resonabli to take his meede.
Wrongfulli summe her lijf heere lede — But some do wrong,
Among' leerned & lewde it' is founde so,
*And* in her laste eende it' is to drede
þei mowe wiyte hem silf her owne wo. — and will have to blame themselves.

¶ Man, take hede what' þou art': — Man, worms' food, thou must go
But' wormes meete! þou woost' weel þis;
Whanne þat' þe erþe haþ take his part',
Heuene and helle schal haue his.
If þou doist' weel, þou goist' to blis; — to bliss or hell.
If þou do yuel, þou goost' to þi foo;
Loue þi lord god, & þinke on þis, — Do not have to blame thyself for thy woe.
Or þou wite þi silf þin owne woo.

¶ Now ihesu crist', oure sauyour: — Christ, defend us,
From oure foos þou vs defende;
In al oure nede be oure socour,
Heere & whanne we hens wende, — here and hereafter. [Page 233.]
And sende us grace so to amende,
His blisse þat' we may come vnto, — Bring us to Thy bliss, that we may not cause our own woe.
Heere to make so good an eende
þat' wee not' cause oure owne woo.

Deo gracias.

[End of the MS. In a later hand is "This is *sir* Hary myndes booke, Record[1] of John Dauis, & of *sir* John George & of *Sir* Robert george fines" (?).]

[1] May be *Receyd.*

# The Virtues of the Name Jesus.

[Page 88.]

This name, Jesus, when thou speakest it, it shall be honey in thy mouth and melody in thine heart.

[2 Page 89.] Think on Jesus; it drives out the devil, and opens heaven.

Also hail Mary often.

Keep Love in thine heart, for Love is the fulfilling of the Law.

IF þou wole be weel *with* god, *And* haue grace to reule þi lijf, *And* come to þe ioie of loue, þis name ihesu, fastne it' so fast' in þin herte þat' it' come neuere out' of þi þouȝt'. And whanne þou spekist' to him, & seist' ihesu þoruȝ custum, It' schal be *in* þin eere ioie, *And* in þi mouþ hony, *And* in þin herte melodie, For þou schalt' þinke ioie to heere þe name of ihesu be nempned*,[2] swetnes to speke it', Myirþe & song' to þinke on it'. If þou þinke on ihesu contynueli, And holde it' stabli, It' purgiþ þi synne, it' kyndeliþ þin herte, It' clarifieþ þi soule, It' remeueþ anger, it' doiþ a-way slownes, It' wyndiþ *in* loue fulfillid of charite, It' chasiþ þe deuel, it' puttiþ out' drede, It' openeþ heuene, it' makiþ contemplatijf men haue in mynde oftę ihesu, For alle vicis & fantums it' puttiþ fro þe louer. Also þerto heile ofte marie boþe day & nyȝt', *And* þanne myche ioie & loue schalt' þou fele. And þou do aftir þis lore, þe neediþ not' greetli coueite many bookis. Holde loue *in* herte & *in* werk, *And* þou hast' al þat' we may scie or write, For fulnes of lawe is charite: In þat' hongiþ al.

* There is a curl of contraction as for *er* over the second *c*.

A Song Called

# Þe Deuelis Þerlament,

OR

## Parlamentum of Feendis.

(*Lambeth MS.* 853, *ab.* 1430 A.D., *Pages* 157—182.)

Whanne marye was greet' *with* gabr*iel*,
And had co*n*ceyued & bòre*n* a childe,
Alle þe deuelis of þe eir, of erþe, & of helle,
helden þer paralame*n*t' of þat' maide mylde,
¶ What' man had made her wombe to swelle.
"To tempten hir ȝe tenden to seelde;
her childis fadir who can telle,
Who dide *with* hir þo werkis wielde?"

When Mary had given birth to Jesus, all the Devils held a consultation as to who had begotten Him.

¶ In helle þe feendis þoo answeride,
"We knew neue*re* fadir þat' he hadde,
But' amongis pr*o*phetis we haue leerid
þat' god *with* man haþ couenau*n*t' maade:
¶ A serpent' *in* deseert' was rerid,
So schal god-is sone in man be had,
þe soule of hi*m* schal be vnsperid,
his herte to-cloue, and he for-bleed.

The Hell-Devils did not know, but had learnt from Prophets

that God's Son was to be raisd in man, and to suffer death;

[Page 158.]

¶ þese pr*o*phetis speken so in myst',
What' þei mente we neue*re* knewe;
þei spoken of oon schulde hote cr*ist*',
But' maries sone hiȝte ihesu;

and that one, Christ, should come; but Mary's Son was Jesus.

Also that Christ should be one with God; but Jesus was not.

¶ And þei seiden þat crist with god schulde be a-twist,
But þis ihesu neuere in þe godhede grew;
We ben bigilid alle wiþ oure lyst.

So the Devils were puzzled.

24 þe clooþ is al of anothir hew;

But they agreed that if God sent His Son into man's body,

¶ And þouȝ god make hise perlament
Of pees, mercy, trouthe, & resoun,
And from heuen til erþe his sone be sent
28 In mankinde to take a cesoun,
¶ We schulen ordeyne bi oon assent
A priuey councell al of tresoun,
And clayme ihesu for oure rent:
32 For þat he is kinde of man, it is good chesoun.

they would claim Him as theirs, because He'd be of man's nature,

¶ Write we his name, wheþer we spede,
Siþen to us he is vnknowen,
For þouȝ he be come of straunge seed,
36 ȝit in adams grounde was he sowen.
¶ Whanne he is ripe, do we oure dede;
Loke we þat we him boþe repe & mowen,
For þouȝ god him silf oure rollis rede,
40 Bi riȝt we chalenge ihesu for oure owne."

and though of alien begetting, yet sown in Adam's ground, [Page 159.] and to be reaped by them, God notwithstanding.

The Master Devil undertook to tackle Jesus,

"To me, maistir deuel, it lijs;
To ihesu wole y take hede,
To norische him in manye delijs,
44 His freel fleische boþe to cloþe & fede;
¶ And þouȝ þat he be neuere so wijs,
ȝit out of þe wey y wole him lede,
And make of him boþe fool and nyce,
48 And in helle his soule brede."[1]

make a fool of Him, and bring His soul to hell.

¶ þus deuelis þer wilis caste
Wiþ þer argumentis greete,
& þritti ȝeer þei foondid faste

For 30 years they tried

[1] This line added at bottom.

52 To tempte ihesu in manye an hete. to tempt Jesus,

¶ "In to a wildirnes *with* ihesus y paste, and went to a wilderness
Of hi*m* knowliche for to gete,
And fourty daies þere he faste where he fasted 40 days.
56 Wiþoute sleep, drinke, or meete."

¶ Þe maistir deuel wondre þou3te [Page 160.] The Master Devil wondered at Jesus' constitution, living only on prayers;
Of ihesus stalworþe complexioun;
Bi ma*n*nys fode lyuede he nou3te,
60 But bi praiers and deuocioun.

¶ "But wha*n*ne he bigan to hu*nger*, as me þou3t, but at last tempted Him,
To tempte him þa*n*ne y made me bou*n*:
'Lo, heere be stoonys hard y-wrou3te, 'Here are stones, make them bread.'
64 Make herof breed, y seide, to ma*n*nis foisou*n*.'

¶ 'Forsoþe,' ihesu seide, 'not' oonli in breed Jesus said, 'Man's food is not bread alone, but every word of God.'
is *verr*ili ma*n*nis propir lyuyng',
But' in eu*e*ry worde of þe godhede
68 To body and soule is coumfortynge.'

¶ Vpon an hi3 pi*n*nacle þa*n*ne y hi*m* brou3te, The devil took Him to a pinnacle, leapt down, and asked Him to follow.
And leftˇ him þere, and leep a-downe,
And seide, 'saue þee harmelees, lyme & heed,
72 And kiþe now maistr*ies* while þou artˇ 3onge.

¶ If þou be god-is sone, lete se;
Of þee is writen longe a-goon, 'Angels shall bear Thee in their hands lest Thou strike Thy foot against a stone.'
"Aungils in hondis schullen beere þee
76 Lestˇ þou spurne þi footˇ atˇ a stoon."'

¶ Quod ihesu, 'in holi writtˇ þou maistˇ se, [Page 161.] Jesus said, 'Tempt not thy God, but serve Him with all thy might.'
Tempte notˇ þi lord god lyuynge aloone;
Wiþ al þi myghtˇ and þi pooste
80 þou schaltˇ him serue, and oþir noone.'"

¶ Þe deuel siȝ itˇ myghtˇ notˇ geyn; Then the Devil brought Him to a mountain,
Of ihesu his purpos he gan mys;
He brou3te him til an hi3 mou*n*teyn,

And bad him do as he wolde wys.

showd Him all the world's riches, and said,

¶ And þere he schewide him upon þat pleyn,
Iewels, ritchesse, and worldli blisse;

'Worship me, and all this is Thine.'

"Worschipe me here, & bicome my swayn.
And y schal ȝeue þee al this."

'Begone, Satan, from heaven!

¶ "Go, sathanas! from blis þou flit,
From heuene riche, þat rial tour!

Thy Lord God only shalt thou honour.'

It is writen oonli in holi writt
'þi lord god þou schalt honour.'"

'Alas,' said the Devil,

¶ "Alas," quod þe deuel, "where hast þou þat witt?
þi wordis are bittir, þi werkis aren sour,

'I am sore hit, I never stood such an attack.'

þi conclusioun so soore me knyt,
I abood neuere so scharp a schour."

[Page 162.] Again the Devils held their Parliament in the mist.

¶ þe deuelis gadriden þer greet frame,
And heelden þer perlament in þe myst.

'Some one is coming to rifle our home.'

"Oon wolde riflee us at hame,
And gadere þe flour out of oure gryst;

Once his name was John the Baptist, then Jesus, then Christ.

¶ Neewe gilours wolde waite us schame,
Oon[ys] men clepid him iohne þe baptist,
But now he haþ turned, ihesus is his name:
þat first hiȝte ihesu, now is clepid cryst,

He has never sinned in lust,

¶ I siȝ him neuere rage ne plawe,
But euere in stabilnes he is ay,
And streitely kepiþ god-is lawe,

but has resisted temptation.

And stijfly wiþ-stoondiþ myn assay;

He said He would throw down the Temple, and raise it on the third day.

¶ To werkis of vice wole he not drawe;
A wondir worde y herde him say,
þe greet temple he wolde doun prawe,
And reise it aȝen on þe þridde day.

At His birth

¶ Whanne he was born, wondris bifel:
Ouer al was pees, boþe eest and west,

In rome of oile þere sprong' a welle, — a well of oil sprang up in Rome; temples fell; idols broke. [Page 163.]
From tristiuer[1] to tybre it' ran prest'.
¶ In rome þer templis doun felle,
þer mawmetis diden al to-brest',
Aungils to scheperdis glorie gan telle— — Angels announst Peace on earth to all mankinde.
'In erþe, to al mankinde, boþe pees & rest'.'

¶ þe emperour in rome stood hiȝe, — The Emperor saw three Suns in one; in their midst a Maid with a child.
þre sunnis in oon he siȝ schyninge clere,
In þe myddis of hem a maiden he siȝe
A man childe in her armes beere.
¶ þe emperour & eek sibile spoken prophesie, — He and the Sibyl prophesied, 'God's Son shall redeem mankind; the time draws nigh.'
And þei acordiden boþe in feere,
And seiden 'god-is sone mankinde schulde bie;
It' is þe tokene, þe tyme neiȝeþ neere.'

¶ Also þre kingis come fro fer, — Three Kings came from far to worship Jesus,
To worschipe ihesu al þei souȝte;
þat' reisid eroudis herte þere
þem to slee, for þei so wrouȝte.
¶ Bi þe liȝtnynge of a sterre, — led by the light of a Star, bringing presents.
To ihesu alle þre presentis þei brouȝte;
Homeward an aungil tauȝte hem nerre
A-noþer wey þan þei had þouȝte.

¶ þanne y councellid eroud with-inne a while — [Page 164.] The Devil advised Herod
To distroie þe former prophesie,
þat' alle men children in towne & pile — to slay all the male children,
to slee þem, þat' ihesus myght' with hem die.
¶ He ascapide in to egipt'; in þat' while — but Jesus escaped into Egypt,
þer mawmetis fil doun from an hiȝe;
he knew my þouȝte, & siȝ my gilee, — detecting the Devil's guile.
y myghte not' hide me from his yȝe.
¶ To tempte ihesu it' wole not' availe; — 'It is no good to tempt Him;
Of þe worldis good haþ he no neede;

[1] Is this *Trastevere*.

I leese on him so mychè trauaile,
the more I work, the worse I speed, 148 þe more y so worche, þe worse y spede;
¶ *With* þe scharp*er* a-sautis y him assaile,
þe lasse of me he stoondiþ in drede,
þe bolder in bikir y bidde hi*m* bataile,
and the less He heeds me. 152 þe lasse of me he takiþ hede.

If I tempt Him ¶ For if y tempte hi*m* in wraþþe or pride,
Wiþ pacience and mẽkenes he sconfitiþ me;
to lechery, If y te*m*pte hi*m* to letcherie, y muste me hide,
He escapes by chastity. 156 He voidiþ me of wiþ chastitee.
[Page 165.] ¶ In glotenie & enuye wole he not' abide,
He abides in charity, But' is eue*r*e in mesure and in charitee;
and will not be covetous. In coueitise & auarise wole he not' ride,
160 but' is eue*r*e in largenes and in pouerte."

I can't make Him stumble. ¶ þe deuel seide, "neiþ*er* in hoot' ne coolde[1]
[1 ? coole, scoole.] I may not' make hi*m* stumble ne falle;
He never went to school, and yet I nyste him neue*r*e goo to scolee,[1]
I saw Him arguing against all the Doctors. 164 *And* ȝit' oonis y siȝ hi*m* spute i*n* þe scoole halle:
¶ He satte hi*m* silf on þe hiȝest' stoole,
And argued aȝens þe maistris alle;
Summe callid him wijs, summe callid hi*m* foole,
He calls Himself God's Son. 168 But' 'goddis sone' he hi*m* silf dooþ calle.

¶ Hise werkis passen mannis kinde,
He makes the crooked straight, For crokid & creplis he makiþ riȝt';
For deef, & dombe, & boren blynde,
gives sight to the blind, sense to madmen, 172 he ȝeueþ he*m* speche, heeryng', & sight'.
¶ Woode men, he ȝeueþ he*m* þer mynde,
And makiþ mesels hool and liȝt';
A legioun of feendis i*n* a man he dide finde,
and drives out devils. 176 Alle he drofe out' þoruȝ his myght'.

[Page 166.] ¶ Wiyn of watir he makiþ blyue,
He turns water into wine; And dooþ manye a wondir dede,

Wiþ two fyschis, and loues fyue, — feeds 5000 men with two fishes
fyue þousand men y saw3 him fede. — and five loaves,

¶ Twelue leepis of releef þerof dide þriue — leaving 12 baskets of fragments,
To men, women, & children, þat hadden nede;
Deed men he reisid from deeþ to lyue,
And 3it weriþ he neuere but oo wede. — and raises the dead to life.

¶ He handliþ neiþer money ne knyf,
Neiþer in synne desiriþ he ony woman to kis; — He desires no sin with woman,
But oonis he saued a weddid wijf, — and yet once saved an
In spousebriche þat hadde doon mys. — adulteress.

¶ He is so wondirful in lijf, — He is such a wonder I cannot make out what He is.
I can not knowe weel what he is;
I wolde we hadde eendid oure striif; — He is out of my books.
He is oute of oure bookis, & we out of his.

2.[1]
A fitte. Siþen y him first tempte bigan, — I have never seen Him change colour, though once He reproved me.
I siȝ him neuere chaunge hewe;
Oonys he bad me 'go, foule sathan!'
Euere-more þat repreef y rewe.

¶ In werkis he is good, in persoone a man; — [Page 167.] In person He is a man; but where does His knowledge come from?
Lijk to him y neuere noon knewe.
Where lerned he al þe witt þat he can?
For euery day he dooþ wondris neewe.

¶ I folewide him oonys to a place, — Once I saw Him
To a mounteyne upon an hiȝte; — with Peter, James, John, Elias, and Moses.
Petir, iames, & iohn, þere was,
Ely & moyses stood þere up riȝt.

¶ I wolde haue seen ihesu-is face, — His face shone so bright
But y myȝt not, it schoon so briȝt;
In þe sooþfast sunne closid it was, — that it blinded me.
þe briȝt beemys blent my siȝt.

¶ To lette þe prophesie soone y went, — I gave the Jews the choice of killing Jesus.
þe iewis to slee ihesu y ȝaf hem chois;

[1] Apparently *2* in red, partly cut, before "A fitte."

If He dies on the cross, we are ruined; so I was sorry to hear their 'Crucify Him,' and set Pilate's wife to stop it.

If he die on þe roode, we schul be schent':
I wolde not' þat' þei hadde 3eue þat' vois.
¶ Me was woo for þat' iugement',
Of 'crucifuge' to heere þe noise;
Pilatis wijf y bad bisily 3eue tent'
þat' ihesu were not' doon on þe crois.

[Page 168.] But the Jews bore false witness,

and nailed Him on the Cross till He died.

¶ 3it' þe iewis, for hise dedis goode,
Fals witnes vpon him þei berid,
And nailid him upon þe roode,
And peyned him þere til þat' he deied.

I looked sharp after His soul, but couldn't see where it went.

¶ Vndir his lift' side y my silf stood,
And aftir his soule ful naru3 a-spied;
I wist' neuere whidir it' 3ode;
Whanne he it' up 3af, so manly he cried;

The sun and moon lost their light,

the earth trembled,

¶ þe sunne & moone losten þer light',
þe elementis fou3ten as leit' of þundir,
þe erþe qwoke, and mounteynes an hight',
Valeis, & stoonys, bursten a-sundir;

dead men arose.

¶ Dede men risen þoru3 his my3t'
To bere witnes of þat' wondir;

I lost my senses,

My mynde failid, y loste my si3te,
I nyste how soone y came þer vndir.

and don't know where His soul is gone to.

¶ Ihesu is soule is wente, y woot' not' where,
So priuely it' dide from me passe;
Whanne his herte was þirllid with a spere,
þanne wyste y weel who he was.

[Page 169.] But we must get ready all our tackle, for He'll attack us. Prepare for defence.

¶ Ordeyne we us wiþ al oure gere,
For hidir he þinkiþ to make a race;
Arise we alle þat' ben bounden heere,
And foond we to defende oure place,

If He comes, we must all try

¶ For if þat' he wole hidir come,
We schulen foonde euery-choon,

Alle to-gidere, boþe hool & some,
To teer him from þe top to þe toon."
¶ Þanne seide lucifer anoone,
"It is but waast to speken so;
Þe spirit of him is now hidir come
For to worchen us alle woo."

to tear Him from top to toe.
Lucifer said, 'That's no good; His spirit is now here to work our woe.

¶ Þere as þe goode soulis diden *in* dwelle,
Þei cheyned þe ȝatis, and barred he*m* faste;
"A! now," ihesu seide, "ȝe princis felle,
Openeþ þe ȝatis þat eue*r*e schal laste,
¶ And letiþ in ȝou*r*e king of blis to helle."
Þe deuelis axid hi*m* þanne in haste,
"Who is þe king of blis þou doost of telle?
Wenest þou to make us alle a-gaste?"

The Devils chaind up and barrd the gates where the good souls were, Jesus said, 'Princes fell, open the gates, and let the King of Bliss into Hell.' The Devils askt, 'Who is the King of Bliss?'

¶ "Strong god and king of myght,
I am lord and king of blis,
Ouer-comer of deeþ, myghti in fight!
Euerlastynge ȝatis, openeþ wight!
¶ Boþe pees, mercy, trouþe, & right,
I brouȝt them at oon, & made þe*m* to kis;
Euerlastynge ȝatis, openeþ on hight,
And lete in ȝoure king to take out his!

[Page 170.]
'I am,' said Christ, 'and overcomer of death.
Everlasting gates! open quickly.
Let in your King to take out His own.

¶ For y, þe soule of ihesu crist, am come hider,
Witnes þe*r*of, my body in erþe lieþ deed,
And þe holi goost *with* þe soule togider
Þat neue*r*e schal parte from þe godhede.
¶ In heue*n* blis ȝe stooden full slidir;
Þoruȝ pride ȝe offendid my fadris bede;
Ma*n*nis soule for meeknes schal come þid*er*,
Þe*r*e as ȝe feendis forfetid þat stide."

I, Christ's soul, am here, though my body lies dead.
Ye lost Heaven from Pride. Man through Meekness shall possess your seats.'

¶ Þanne seide lucifer, "god dide forbede
To adam in pa*r*adiis but oon tree,

Lucifer said, 'God condemnd

Adam to Hell for ever.

And peyne of deeþ to haue for þat' dede,
And aftir in helle euere for to be:
¶ And þou art' come of adam seed,
[Page 171.] Thou art of Adam's seed, and we claim Thee. There is no return from Hell.'
þerfore bi right' we chalenge þee,
For in holi writt' þou made rede,
'In helle is no remedie.'"

'True,' said Christ; 'but the closed Hell is for you; this Hell is free.

¶ Ihesu seide, "lucifer, sooþ þou tellist' me;
But' þou woost' not' þi silf how
þere is a boonde helle, but' þis is free.
þe boond helle was ordeyned for ȝou;
¶ For þat' þat' man forfetid þoruȝ a tree,
Man is redeemd. þoruȝ a tree aȝen bouȝt' is he now.
Thou art condemnd. þou madist' him synne, þe peyne longiþ to þee,
For þou waitist' neuere good to mannis prowȝ.

I sprang not from sinful seed,

¶ Lucifer, þou me vndir-nome,
*And* seidist' y was of þe seed of adams kyn;
forsoþe y out' of þe godhede come,
but took flesh in a maiden sinlessly. And took fleisch & blood a maiden *with-inne*.
¶ for as of þe seed of erþe *þer* springiþ blome,
So mette we, & partid wiþoute synne:
þin argument is fals, so is þi doome;
Bi what' right' woldist' þou me wynne?

[Page 172.]

¶ Who was cheef of þi councell
In heuen whanne þou forfetidist' þe blis?
When thou temptedst Adam, In paradiis adam þou dedist' assaile,
And temptidist' him to forfete his;
I fought for him, ¶ And y in his quarel took bataile
Aȝen my fadir to amende his mys,
and now will defeat thee.' Wherfor of þi purpos þou schalt' faile,
forthi þi quarel nouȝt' it' is."

Lucifer said,

¶ þanne lucifer answeride ageyn,
"Whi spekist' þou so to me heere?

It is but wantowne wordis in veyn:
I trowe þou comest hidir us to fere. 'Thou comest here to frighten us.
¶ Sumtyme whanne y was in heuen an hiȝ,
Þat þat y þere loste for my pride, certeyn,
Heere-aftir y hope ful sikirly I hope to get to heaven again.'
For to come to þat blis ageyn."

¶ Crist ihesu spak to sathan tho, Christ answerd,
And seide to him in þis manere,
"It is but waast to speken so, 'That is idle talk.
Or ony suche wordis to seie now here.
¶ Þat tyme while þou in heuen were, [Page 173.]
Ful myche ioie häddist þou tho; While you were in heaven you had much joy, but it
For alle þi felawis, glad were þei þere, soon ceast.'
But riȝt soone it was ouer-goo."

¶ Lucifer spak to him ageyn, Lucifer said, 'I
And seide to him with wordis sere, have dwelt here in torment above 4000 years;
"In þis place y haue dwellid in woo & peine
Moore þan þis .iiij. þousand ȝeere:
¶ Helpe me to þat blis ageyn help me to bliss again,
Þe which y loste for my pride þere,
for þere it is myrie in certeyn to merry time with angels.'
To wonye wiþ rial aungils clere."

¶ "I seie þee, lucifer, y schal þee telle, Christ answerd,
Or euere ony þing was wrought— 'Before the heavens were
Heuene or erþe, eir or helle,—
Forsoþe þoo y made þee of nought. I made thee of nothing,
¶ In heuen whanne þou stoodist in wele, and set thee above the angels.
I made þee aboue aungils alle,
But þerof rauȝt þou neuere a deel,
Sucho pride in þin herte gan falle.

¶ In heuen whanne þou were at þi wille, [Page 174.]
Þou myȝtist haue be in pees & reste; In heaven

I gave thee my seat when I went away, and when I came back thou

I took þee my seete ful stille,
It' to ȝeme þou were ful prest';
¶ And while y wente where me list',
And come aȝen a-noon in hiȝe,

said'st thou wast the worthier,

þou seidist' þat' þou were worþiest',
And to sitte þere as weel as y;

and thou never repentedst.

¶ And þou repentidist' þee neuermore,
But' euere aggregidist' þi trespas.

Adam did;

Adam wepte & siȝede soore,

he asked mercy.

And askid mercy & oile of grace;

God sent me here for that, and let me die.

¶ My fadir sende me hidir þerfore,
Vpon a tree leete deeþ me chase,
A spere þoruȝ myn herte gan boore,
& leete out' þe derworþiest' oile þat' euere was.

In His name, open your gates.'

¶ In my fadris name of heuene
Opene þe ȝatis aȝens me!"

Like lightning the gates burst.

As liȝt' of leite, and þundir leeme,
þe ȝatis to-burste, and gan to flee;

[Page 175.]

¶ God took out' adam and eue ful euene,

Christ took out Adam and all His chosen ones; and all sang thanks, namely,

And alle hise chosen companye.
þe prophetis seiden with mylde steuene,
"A song' of wondris now synge we."

Adam,

¶ "A, ha!" seide **Adam**, "my god y se;
He þat' made me wiþ his hond!"

Noah,

"I se," seide **noe**, "where comeþ hee
þat' sauede me boþe on watir & londe!"

Abraham,

¶ Quod **abraham**, "y se my god so free
þat' sauede my sone fro bittir bande!"

Moses,

þo seide **moyses**, "þese tablis he bitook me
His lawe to preche and vndirstande!"

David,

¶ Quod **Dauid**, "we spoken of oon so grym
þat' schulde breke þe brasen ȝatis."

Quod **Zacharie**, "& his folk out' nym, — Zachariah,
And leue *þere* stille þo þat' he hatis."
¶ Quod **symeon**, "he liȝtneþ his folk i*n* dym, — Symeon,
Lo w*h*ere derknes schendiþ her statis.
þo seide **iohne**, "þis lomb, y spak of him, — and John the Baptist.
þat' al þe worldis synne a-batys."

¶ Oure lord them took bi þe hond, — [Page 176.] Christ led them to bliss, saying he had bought it for all who will
And brouȝt' þem to þe place of blis,
And seide to them, y vndir-stonde,
"þis bargeyn y haue bouȝt' her, þis:
¶ For riche & pore, free and bonde
þat' wole axe grace and ameende þer mys, — ask grace, and amend their sins
Schulen be w*ith* ȝou heere pleyande
In my kingdom, heuene blis."

¶ Thus ihesus crist' harewide helle, — Thus Christ harrowd Hell.
And ledde hise louers to paradijs:
Of þe o*þ*ere hellis wolde he not' melle, — But the other hells he wouldn't touch, where fiends and damnd souls ever dwell,
Where feendis blake bounden lijs,
¶ And w*h*ere dampned soulis eue*r*e schule*n* dwelle
þat' wolen not' do weel, but' eue*r*e be nyce,
Turmentid w*ith* horible deuelis of helle — tormented by horrible devils.
þat' sumtyme were aungils of prijs.

¶ Helle repreued þo þe deuel sathan, — Then Hell reproacht Satan with cowardice.
And horribli gan him dispice,
"To me þou art' a schrewide captayn,
A combrid wretche in cowardise."
¶ þo seide lucifer, "siþen þe world bigan — [Page 177.] But Lucifer justified himself; he had brought all kinds of men there,
I haue brouȝt' hidir manye a greet' price
Hidir into helle of al kinde of man,
Boþe þe false, foolis, and þe wise.

¶ Helle, so worschipide neue*r*e þou were — and Christ too; but Hell wouldn't
If þou cowdist' haue kept' þee soo;

keep them.

I brouȝte þee boþe god & man in fere;
Whi were þou so nyce to leete him go?"

Hell said he couldn't help it.

¶ Quod helle, "not' wiþ þi poowere
I myȝte not' werne him oon of tho;

Christ took them.

He took out' alle þat' were him dere;
I myȝte not' lette him, þouȝ he wolde mo."

Beelzebub barrd up the gates, but Christ broke them through with a word.

¶ Quod belsabub, "y barrid ful faste
þe ȝatis with lok, cheyne, bolt', & pyn;
And with oo word of his wyndis blaste
þei broken vp, and he came ynne.
¶ He boond me, and downe me caste;
it' is to us no bote to stryue with him;

After the Doom comes endless torment.

Whanne þe dreedful doome is come & paste,
Oure eendelees peyne is þanne to bigynne."

[Page 178.] Jesus rose on the third day,

¶ þouȝ þe iewis dide ihesu to die,
ȝit' on þe þridde day he roos to liif aȝen;
It' was to him moore victorie
þan þowȝ he hadde alle þe iewis sleyn.

and was seen by many;

¶ Summe were glad whanne þei him siȝe,
Summe were sory, summe were fayne,

once in a company of 500.

And sumtyme in oon companye
Amonge .v. hundrid he was seyn.

To Mary Magdalene He said

¶ Of oynement' ful manye a drope,
Marie mawdeleyne to ihesu sche brouȝte;
Ihesu wente fro a litil a-slope,

'Touch me not,' but to His disciples, 'Handle my wounds; I have flesh and blood, which ghosts have not.'

And seide, "mawdeleyn, towche me nouȝt'."
¶ Alle hise disciplis weren in wanhope;
For to coumforte them ihesu þouȝte,
And bad hem hise woundis handle & grope,
"I haue fleisch & blood! so spiritus haue nouȝt'."

To Thomas

¶ Thomas was of right' hard bileeue
Til he hadde spoke wiþ ihesu tho:

Ihesu spak wiþ wordis breue, Jesus said,
436 "Come hidir, thomas, & speke me to; 'Come and see the proof that I was crucified.
¶ For here þou maist' now þe sooþe preue, [Page 179.]
How þat' y on þe roode was y-doo; He who will not believe it shall be damnd.'
And he þat' wille not' on it' bileeue,
440 Schal be dampned to peine for euermo."

¶ Þanne seide ihesu wiþ myelde speche To His disciples He said, 'Go and preach my uprising to all people.
To hise disciplis, "y wole 3e goo
To alle creaturis aboute, to preche
444 Myn uprisynge, to freende & foo;
¶ And þo þat' bileeuen þat' 3e teeche, They who believe it shall be saved;
Bodies and soulis saued ben thoo;
And þo þat' bileeuen not', y seie to eche, they who do not shall go to hell.
448 þo schulen for euere to peine goo.

¶ From 3ou, feendis schulen flee for my name; Devils shall flee from you,
Eddris & venym schal from 3ou steele;
þou3 3e drinke poisoun, it' schal not' 3ou tame, poison shall not hurt you.
452 Neiþer harme 3ou, ne noo greef feele.
¶ I schal newe tungis in 3ou frame You shall speak all languages, and
Alle maner of langagis forþ to deele;
And þo þat' 3e touche, sike or lame, heal all sick you touch.'
456 Body and soule y wole hem heele."

¶ Oure lord, aftir his resurrecciou*n*, here [Page 180.]
In erþe he was forsoþe dwellynge Christ remaind on earth till Holy Thursday, and then ascended into heaven.
Til hooly þursday comen were,
460 þat' he sti3 to heuene, where he is king'.
¶ At' þe dreedful doom, wiþ-out' lesing', He shall judge the living and dead.
Boþe quycke and deede þere schal he deme.
God 3eue us grace in oure lyuynge
464 To serue oure god, & marie to qweeme.

¶ Of alle þe children þat' euere were borun, Next to Christ
Saue oonli crist' him silf a-loone,

the holiest child was John the Baptist, who baptized Christ

Was no on so holi here biforn
As was þis holi child seynt iohun
¶ þat baptisid oure lord *in* flom iordon
Wiþ ful deuout & good deuocioun,
And after for ihesus loue to deeþ gan goon,

and died for Him.

And suffride ful mykil passioun.

Christ's blessed Mother was

¶ Now schal y telle *with* ful good cheere
Of þat holi assumpcioun
Of his blessid modir dere,

taken up to her Son

How sche was taken up *with* greet deuocioun

[Page 181.]

¶ Vnto hir blessid sone, as his wil were,

by angels, and crownd

þat þerto sente hise aungils a-down,
& vp þei baren þat maiden cleere;

Queen of Heaven,

Queene of heuen *þere* þei dide hir crowne.

while all the angels sang

¶ þanne alle aungils þat were in heuene
Were at þe crownyng of þat maide free,
And songen alle *with* mylde steuene

Glory to God.

"Gloria tibi domine."

¶ þat is a song of ioie and blisse!

May we all see that sight!

God 3eue us grace þat si3t to se,
Of his mercy þat we nou3t mysse,
Qui natus es de virgine.

This song is called '*The Devil's Perlament*,' and is read on the first Sunday in Lent.

¶ þis song þat y haue sunge 3ou heere,
Is clepid 'þe deuelis perlament:'
þerof is red in tyme of 3eere
On þe first sunday of clene lent.

He who would go to heaven must keep clear of the devil.

¶ Who-so wole haue heuen to his hire,
Kepe he him from þe deuelis combirment;
In heuene his soule may *þere* be sure
Wiþ aungils to pleie verament.

[Page 182.]

There is no trifling in this tale.

¶ þis lessoun was made but late;
þere ben no triflis in þis tale;

Þe deuelis boost' þus gan he bate,
Oure curteis crist', oure king' riale.
¶ He helpe us in alle at' heuene ȝate,
Wiþ seintis to sitte þere in sale!
Crist'! kepe us out' of harme and hate,
For þin hooli spirit' so special!

This is how Christ humbled the Devil.

May He help us into heaven, and keep us out of harm!

**Explicit parlamentum of feendis.**

[The *Diatorie* printed in *The Babees Book*, or *Manners & Meals*, &c., follows here.]

# The Mirror of the Periods of Man's Life.

OR

## BIDS OF THE VIRTUES AND VICES FOR THE SOUL OF MAN.

[Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., pages 120-150, written without breaks, till near the bottom of p. 131, as marked by the insetting of the even lines here.]

Man's birth is wonderful! Begotten in sin,

endangering his mother's life.

Poor he comes; poor he goes.

I dreamt I saw a new-born child [1 Page 121.]

go into the desert, and be taken in hand by an Angel-friend and an Angel-foe.

The *World* told the Child it gave him food and clothes.

HOw mankinde dooþ bigynne
  is wondir for to seryue so;
In game he is bigoten in synne,
  Þe child is þe modris deedli foo;
Or þei be fulli partide on tweyne,
  In perellè of deed ben boþe two.
Pore he come þe worlde with-ynne,
  Wiþ sorewe & pouert' oute schal he goo.

In wyntir nyȝt' or y wakid,
  In my sleep y dreemed so;
I saw a child modir [1]nakid,
  New born þe modir fro.
Al aloone, as god him makid,
  In wildirnesse he dide goo,
Til two *in* gouernaunce it' takid,
  An aungil freende, an aungil foo.

Quod þe world to þe child, "how many foolde
  Hast' þou brouȝt' richesse? now late se:
þou schuldist deie for hunger and coolde
  But' y lente meete & cloþe to þee:

I wole þee fynde til þou be oolde; How wolt þou quyte it me?"
How would he pay it for them?
Quod desteine, "he is bouȝt & soolde."
Quod deeþ, "his eende make schal we."

Quod þe child, "y come poore þe world within
*The Child:* I came to seek a wondrous heritage;
To pursue a wondirful eritage:
Nakid out of þe wyket of synne,
Of the perellis of streite passage,
To seke deeþ y dide bigynne, to seek Death;
þat ilke dredful pilgrymage,
Mi body & soule to parte a tweyne, to divorce my soul from my body.
To make a deuourse of þat mariage.

Liȝtnesse, strenþe, corage & bewte, Bodily gifts, and God's Commandments,
þe comaundementis þat god bede;
Lust, liking, & iolite, the Pleasures of this life, its
.vij. werkis of mercy [1]and þe crede. [1 Page 122.] Sorrows, and the Works of Mercy,
Veyn glorie, flaterynge, and vanyte,
Sowowe, siȝing, loue, & drede,
To the child her seruice profren he, offer to lead the child to heaven
For helle peyne or heuene meede. or hell.

Thanne come oon & stood ful stille, *Freewill* says,
And his seruice profride he:
"þese folke wolde þi silfe spille
To make þee bonde; y wole make þee free. I will make thee free;
þei han þee tauȝt boþe good & ille;
From her councel fast þou flee, leave all others,
For my name is freewille;
Leue alle hem & folowe me." and follow me.

The ȝonge childe in studie stood,
And in herte wittis souȝte.
Conscience mengid his mood, *Conscience* says,
"Mi fair childe, what hast þou þouȝt?

know evil from good;

I am Conscience, knowe yuel & good,
We two to rekenynge must' be brou3t':

Freewill will make thee mad;

Biwaare! free wille wole make þee woode;
Free wille *with*outen witte is nou3t'.

know me, Conscience;

For my name is Conscience;
To knowe me þou must' bigy*n*ne;
Discrecioun is my science,

[1 Page 123.]

Vicis & V*er*tues [1]to voide a twynne.

cultivate Prudence;

A-queynte þe weel *with* Prudence,
He lediþ alle *ver*tues out' & i*n*ne;

beware of Recklessness.

Bi waar of richelees, for he wole make diffence,
For he is leder of al synne.

At *seven* years old the Child

¶ Whanne þe child was .vij. 3eer olde,
Passyng' sowkyng' of milke drewis,

is urged by the Good Angel to

þe good au*n*gil þe childe dide weelde;
Al vertu to him þan soone he schewis:

honour his parents:

"To fadir & modir honour þou 3eelde;
Loue god, & drede, and be of good þewis."

by the wicked Angel to despise them;

þe wickid au*n*gil bad him be boold
To calle boþe fadir & modir schrewis.

by the Good to

þe good aungil badde him "be mylde
From al woo, it' wole þee werre:

bridle his tongue;

þat' man may hi3e housis bilde
þat' his tunge can weel for-beerre."

by the Wicked give it license.

Quod þe wickid au*n*gil, "while þou art' a child,
*With* þi tunge on folk þou bleere;
Course of kynde is for 3ouþe to be wilde,
To beete alle children, and do hem deerre."

[1 Page 124.] Childhood lasts from seven

Thus at' [1]vij. 3eer age childhood bigynnes,
And folow*with* folies many foold;

to *fourteen*.

Aftirward his childhode blynnes;
Whanne he is fourtene 3eer oolde,

Þanne knowliche of manhode he wynnes,
Þe .vij. vertues wiþ him wonne wolde;
Þanne comeþ þe .vij. deedli synnes
With þe wickid aungil housholde to holde.

Then the Seven Virtues and the Seven Mortal Sins strive for the boy's soul.

Quod resoun, "in age of .xx. 3eer,
Goo to oxenford, or lerne lawe."
Quod lust', "harpe & giterne þere may y leere,
And pickid staffe & buckelere, þere-wiþ to plawe,
At tauerne to make wommen myrie cheere,
And wilde felawis to-gidere drawe,
And be to bemond[1] A good squyer
Al ny3t' til þe day do dawe."

About *twenty* years old, Reason advises man study; Lust advises music, staff-play, women, and wild companions.

Quod conscience, "þat' axiþ coost';
Þe moore þou spendist', þe lesse þou hast';
Þi tyme, þi leernynge boþe ben loost',
Þi freendis good þou spendist' in waast'."
Quod lust' to conscience, "3ouþe so muste;
3ouþe can not' kepe him chast'."
"Good conscience, goo preche to þe post',
Þi councel saueriþ not' my tast'.

*Conscience* says these will waste time and learning. *Lust* poohpoohs that; and the [1 Page 125.] young Man scorns it;

Þou3 Conscience bidde me be stille,
I wole holde forþe þat' y bigan;
Al my lust' y wole ful-fille,
I wole spare no womman;
Conscience wolde binde me to skille,
And make me his bondman.
Fareweel Conscience! weelcome frewille!
I wole lerne no more good þan y can."

his lust will spare no woman; he will not be a servant to conscience, but to Freewill, and learn no good.

Now vicis & vertues wole not' slake,
Now man is .xx. wyntir in age:
Quod pride, "no man þou forsake,
I wole þee sette in þe hi3est' stage."

After *twenty* years old, come the advices of Pride,

[1] *bemond* is the name of a dog: ? poaching.

Gluttony,
Quod glotenye, "nyȝt' & day þou wake;
Ete late & eerli *in* outrage."
Lechery,
Quod leccherie, "þi seed richelees þou schake,
And make no force of no mariage."

Wrath,
Quod wraþþe, "loke þou bere þee bolde;
What man þee teene, His heed þou breest'."
Envy,
Quod enuie, "þi foote þou holde,
[1 Page 126.] And pursue [1]for to passe þe beest'."
Sloth,
Quod slouþe, "in ȝouþe, or þou be oolde,
Leerne for to take þi reest'."
Covetousness,
Quod Coueitise, "wynnen y wolde."
Avarice.
Quod auarise, "locke me in þi cheest'."

*Pride* says, wear long pockets, and slasht (?) clothes;
"Apparaile þe *pr*opirli," quod Pride,
"Loke þi pockettis passe þe lengist' gise;
Slatre þi clothis boþe schorte & side
Passi*n*ge alle o*þer*e me*n*nis sise;
And wh*er*e þat' þou goo ou*þer* ride,
reverence no one,
Do no reu*er*ence to foole ne wise;
oppress the poor,
Late no poore nei*ȝ*bore þryue þee biside;
despise advice.
Alle o*þer* me*n*nis counc*e*l loke þou dispise."

*Meekness* says: Pride will bring you to woe.
"Bi waare," quod Meekenes, "how *pr*ide dooþ wys;
He ȝeueþ but' woo & wyssche to wage;
Once he was lovely in highest heaven,
Of a*n*gelis bewte þe prijs was his;
In heuene on þe hi*ȝ*est' stage,
now he is loathsome in hell, and meek man has his inheritance.
He wolde haue peerid *with* god of blis;
Now is he *in* helle moost' looþeli page.
þat' feendis forfetid for her mys,
Is now meeke ma*n*nis eritage."

*Wrath* advises: meddle in every quarrel,
Quod wraþþe, "From þat' counc*e*l flee,
[Page 127.] þou art' stalworþe, ȝonge, and li*ȝ*te,
Of all quarellis medle þou þe
wrong or right.
Boþe of wronge & of ri*ȝ*te.

Who dar bete þee, nay lete be,
Riche or poore, weike or wiȝte,
Loke þou bere þee boolde on me, — I will bully for you.
And y for þee wole chide & fliȝte."

Þanne up stood Paciens, — *Patience* warns
"As wraþþe biddiþ do not soo, — him against
For wraþþe haþ no Conscience,
He makiþ ech man operis foo; — Wrath,
þer-with he getiþ his dispence,
þat schulde be freende, to make hem foo. — who makes friends foes.
Praie god, he be þi diffence,
þat þou be not founde in þe noumbre of þoo."

Quod enuie þanne, "y wole þee leere — *Envy* counsels man to whisper evil reports of
To make þi lord to þee tame;
Be homeli, & rowne in his eere,
And bringe trewe folk in fals fame. — true men under a promise of secresy.
Make him þi suget, to þee to swere
þat he schal not discure þi name;
So make him fals witnesse to bere,
And gete þee richesse wiþ god-is grame."

Þanne up roos a souereyn uertu
þat is clepid Charite: — *Charity* says,
"Loke þou not hise maners sue, — Envy is God's enemy.
For god-is enemy soþeli is he.
Do þou to euery man þat is due — [Page 128.] 'Do to others as you would they'd do to you.'
As þou woldist he dide to þee."
Quod Coueitise "and alle folk were trewe, — *Covetousness* advises man to
Manye a man schulde neuere þee.

Caste þee faste to Coueitise,
Make sotil þi wittis, & forge wilis, — scheme and chent,
And preue þat trewe men be nyce,
For so þe fals þe trewe bigilis;

Such ben worschipid & holden wise,
and so grow rich. þei purchasen hem townes, manors, & pilis,
And truþe wolde wite where þi lordschip lijs;
Make heggis bi-twene 3ou, and no stilis."

*Bounty in Almsdeeds* says, Give to the poor, Quod largenes in almesse dede,
"Coueitise councelliþ þee amys.
3eue to þe pore, & þou schalt' spede
þe bettir, þe gospel seiþ þis;
and at the Judgment For at' þe doome þere þou schalt' drede,
Crist' wole reherse of þee y-wys
þo werkis of merci, as clerkis reede:
you'll go to bliss. If þou hast' doon hem, þou goost' to blis."

*Gluttony* says, Love your belly, "Man, loue þi wombe," quod Gloteny,
"Leie mete upon meete, & ete faste;
But' leue not' þi crummes drye,
eat and drink; fornicate, and never fast. Drinke þou til þe ful flood be paste.
Leue clennesse, & use harlotrie,
[Page 129.] But' neuere a day loke þou ne faste;
In þi wombe make þi tresorie,
Of þeeuis þanne þou schalt' not' be agast'."

*Moderation* says, Gluttony makes men beasts, and Quod Mesure, "man! haue me in mynde.
God made man suget' to resoun:
Wat' turneþ a man to beestis kinde
But' etynge & drynking' out' of sesoun?
drunkenness blinds their souls. Drunkelew folk ben goostli blinde;
For faute of witt' her lijf is gesoun;
In ydil ooþis wasten þei her wynde:
To repreue suche, god fyndiþ enchesoun.'

*Sloth* says, Never go to church, Quod Slouþe, "bisynesse y þee forbede;
To chirche neiþer goo ne renne;
don't mind good advice, Who techiþ þee good, take noon hede,
Azens oo worde 3eue him ten:

Seie 'alle folk ben not' sotil in dede;'
  Excuse þee so bi oþer men, — excuse yourself by others' example.
And 3eue hem myche maugre to mede
  þat' ony good þee wolde kenne."

Quod Besinesse, "man! of Slouþe be waare; — *Business* warns man against Sloth.
  He is assigned to helle for synne;
In good lyuynge þi wittis ware,
  To drede god þou muste bigynne; — Fear God, and deny your lusts.
þi fleischeli lustis þou muste spare,
  For vicis and vertues wole voide atwynne; — [Page 130.]
In besinessis hous is good weelfare, — Business brings welfare.
  And Slouþe haþ hunger and cloþis þinne."

Quod leccherie to man, "loue þanne weel me, — *Lechery* says: Satisfy your lust with women;
  þi lustis with wommen þou fulfille,
For if þou in 3ouþe sparist' þanne þee,
  þou maist' falle in greet' perille.
3ouþe ful of corage wole be; — youth will be gay.
  þou muste haue helpe, or ellis spille;
Spare no wommman, y counselle þe, — Spare no woman.
  þou3 summe cryen neuere so schille."

Quod Chastite to man, "loo, — *Chastity* warns man that Lust when gratified will threaten him with
  Herken how leccherie dooþ speke!
Whanne þou þi foule luste hast' doo,
  Bi waare him þanne! he wole þee þrete,
And seie 'for þou hast' so doo
  þou must' suffre peynes greete;' — torments, and he'll fall into despair.
And but' if god help þee þo,
  Soone in wanhope he wole þee lete.

Quod þe good aungil, "3it' þee avise; — *The Good Angel* tells man to consider,
  Lerne witte while þou art' heere;
He is a foole þat' may be wise, — and not be a fool,
  In heuene comeþ no foolis to 3eere, — [Page 131.]

as God refuses reckless fools.

God dooþ richelees foolis refuse
þat' kunnen no good, ne noon wole lere;
If wordis excuse, werkis accuse,
þat' makiþ hem worse þan þei were."

At *thirty* years old, man boasts of his powers.

"IN þritti 3eer now y abide;
In discrecioun I haue in-si3t',
Loueli to goo, and to ride,
Ful of manhode & of my3t'."

*Conscience* reproves him for his vices,

Quod Conscience, "vertues þou puttist' aside,
And norischist' vicis day & ny3t'."
Quod man in scorn, "lo, Conscience dooþ chide!
For losse of catel he dar not' fi3t'."

and shows him the cost of Pride

"Man, kepe þi richesse," quod Conscience,
"To maynteine pride, it' costiþ greete;

(as against Meekness),

It' costiþ nou3t', meekenesse ne pacience,
But' it' axiþ greet' coost' to chide & to beete.

of Lechery,

Leccherie axiþ greet' dispense,
It' distroieþ mannis kindeli heete;

Gluttony,

And glotenie coostiþ wiþouten diffence
Boþe in diuerse drinkis and meete.

Envy,

"IT costiþ greet' to use a synne
þat' is clepid foule Enuye,

[Page 132.]

For it' fretiþ man with-inne;
Bodi & soule it' dooþ distroie.

Sloth,

Slouþis þrifte, it' is ful þinne,
It' costiþ myche in slouþe to lie;

Covetousness, and Avarice.

And Coueitise al þe world wolde wynne,
And Auarise aftir more doith crie."

*Man* justifies himself. Youth must do folly, or Age would have no wisdom.

Quod man to Conscience, "3ouþe axiþ delice;
For 3ouþe þe course of kinde wole holde;
But' 3ouþe were a foole and nyce,
How schulde wijsdom be founde in oolde.

þe corage of 3ouþe, and oolde wise,
Makiþ 3onge men to be boolde;
In witt' of oolde, worschipe lijs;
In þe witte of wise, kingdom is holde.

"Þou wastist' þi wynde & spillist' þi speche,
þi wordis me is looþ to heere;
And y dide as þou doist' me teche,
I schulde neuere make myrie chere.
Wenest' þou with þin hond heuene to reche?
þin arme wole not' be so longe to 3eere;
Now, good Conscience, & þou wolt' preche,
Goo stele an abite, & bicome a frere."

'I hate to hear you, Conscience, trying to stop my merry-making.

If you *will* preach, steal a cowl and be a friar.

Quod man, "y pleie, y wrastile, y sprynge,
þese ioies wolen neuere wende me fro;
Now alle gamys hom y brynge;
What' such as y am, þer ben no moo:
I leepe, y daunce, y skippe, y synge,
I am so myrie y can not' seie hoo."
Quod Conscience, "þou schalt' weepe & wringe
Whanne þei take her leeue to goo."

[Page 133.]
I play and wrestle,

dance and sing, and never cry Halt!'

*Conscience.*
'You'll weep when that's over.'

"Myn i3en ben cleere & bri3t' as glas,
Mi lire as lillye and roose of hewe,
Of schappe & strengþe alle folke y passe,
And euere my uertu wexiþ newe."
Quod Conscience, "y loue þee weel þe lasse,
þou usist' ne werkis of good vertu."
"Goo, Conscience, þou lewide asse,
I kepe not' þi maneris to sue."

*Man.*
'My eyes are bright,

and I'm stronger than any other man.'

*Conscience.*
'You do no good works.'

*Man.*
'Conscience, you're an ignorant ass.'

Quod man, "Myne age is fourti 3eere."
Quod þe world, "y offre to þee my weele."
Quod strengþe, "late no man be þi peere."
Quod corage, "late no man with þee deele."

At *forty* years old, man is advised by the World,
Strength,
Courage,

[Page 134.]
Lust,
Health,
Conscience,

Quod luste and liking', "make good cheere."
"I am al hool wiþ þee," quod heele.
Quod Conscience, "wistist' þou what' þese were?
At' nede wole faile þi fleische so freele."

and Truth.
Get riches in youth that shall do for age.

Quod Conscience to man in 3ouþe,
"Traueile in trouþe in tyme is beste."
Quod trouþe, "gete þee richesse nouþe
Wherwiþ in oolde to haue þi reste;
þou3 age can as he cowthe,
My3t' & corage he haþ looste,
He kepiþ his soule þat' kepiþ his mouþe,
For þe soule to þe fleisch is but' a goost'."

At *fifty* years old,

"Now am I fifti 3eere y-wis,
Myn heer bigynneþ to change his hewe."
Conscience tells man to do good works.
Quod Conscience, "flee from alle vice,
And use werkis of good vertu,
Late not' þi werkis preue þee nyce,
Loke þat' þou euere be founden trewe."
He prefers covetousness.
"Fare weel Conscience, weelcome Coueitise!
To be richee now y wole pursue."

[Page 135.]
Conscience dissuades him;

Quod Conscience, "þat' is idil bisynesse,
Nedelees richesse to gadre soo;
Overhope makes him sin;
Ouerhope is þe cause y-wisse,
He weneþ ameende al er he goo."
Despair helps too.
Wanhope seiþ, "kepe weel þis,
For þe world wole faile us two."
Quod Conscience, "chaunge not' heuen blis
For helle peyne, sorowe, and woo."

At *sixty* years old, man laments his evil doings.

"In sixti 3eere myn age is pi3te,
Myn i3en daswen, myn heer is hoore;
In my werkis y haue febil in-si3te,
I fynde no vertu in my stoore.

How schal y reckene *with* god almyȝt?
I am aschamed wondir soore."
*Quod* Conscience, "certis it were riȝt
To be holi now or neu*ere* moore."

How shall he reckon with God?

'Be holy now or never.'

Quod ȝouthe to age, "what doist þou nowþe?
Hange up þin hachet & take þi reste;
þe su*nne* is past fer bi þe sowthe,
And hiȝeth swiþe in to þe weste."
Quod man, "y serued þee in ȝougþe
And al þe tyme myne eruest leste,
Wiþ sorowe of herte & schrifte of mouþe
To god ȝit haue y kepte þe beste."

Youth taunts the old man:

he is past and gone.

[Page 136.]
The old man

repents and will serve God.

[1 MS. to-morowe]
"Age, calle aȝen ȝistirday to-morne;[1]
And alle þi werkis, bigynne hem newe."
*Quod* man, "þouȝ þou speke in scorne,
þou techist me good þat y neu*ere* knewe;
I wole biþinke me on my werkis biforn,
Do almes dede, praie, & rewe,
And goddis mercy schal ynne my corn,
And fede me wiþ þat þat y neu*ere* sewe.

Youth mocks him again.

The old man learns from the scorn,

will pray and sorrow, and God will *in* his corn.

"In ȝougþe wha*nne* y was wilde & stro*nge*,
þe fals world fair dide me wowe,
Me þouȝt ech worde a myrie songe,
Wiþ pipis, and dau*n*cis, & mirþis y-nowe.
Now seiþ he, he loued me to longe,
For myn heer bigynneþ to blowe;
To þi mercy, lord, me vndirfonge,
þe tyde is ebbid, & no more wole flowe."

'When young, the false world wooed me,

but in his age has left me.,

Have mercy on me, Lord.

"þe candel of lijf þi soule dide tende:
To liȝte þee hom," resoun dide saye.
"Miche of my candel in waaste y spende,
Manye wickid windis haþ wastid it away;

[Page 137.]
My candle of life I let winds of wickedness waste;

I can scarcely hold its end.

Vnneþe y holde my candelis eende,
It' is past' euensonge of my day;
To reepe myn heruest', whidir mai y winde?
Mi londis of vertues liggen al lay.

"¶ Whanne ȝouþe was maistir, y was page,
I lived in the Devil's service, with late suppers and late rising.
We lyueden myche in þe feendis seruice,
Wiþ rere soupe*r*is and wickid outrage,
Ligge longe in bed, looþe to arise.
Now the wise reprove me,
Now haue y nouȝt' but' wisschis to wage,
and former friends hate me.
And myche repreef amonge þe wijse;
þei þat' loueden me in ȝouþe, hatiden me in age,
And vnkindeli me diden dispice.

I wonder why the world was made.
"NOw haue y greet' meruaile
þe world to man whi it' was wrouȝte;
Fele temptaciouns now me assaile,
I have no rest,
I haue no reste for chaunge of þouȝte.
[Page 138.]
Whanne y schulde reste y haue g*r*eet' me*r*ueile;
In bed to sleepe whanne y am brouȝte,
and see nothing but battle and dread.
I se but' drede and greet' bataile
Al mannys lijfe, and it' be souȝte.

The world has forsaken me;
"Thus þe fals world haþ forsaken me;
For waste of hise goodis he accusiþ me;
my sins accuse me;
þe synnes þat' y loued, now haten me,
To Conscience þei adwiten me;
fiends threaten me;
Feendis þreten faste to take me,
And steren helle houndis to bite me;
Death shakes his spear at me.
Deeþ seiþ, my breed he haþ baken me;
Now schakeþ he his spere to smite me.

I am like a stag at bay.
"Þus y am huntid as an herte to a-bay,
I not' whidir y may me turne,
Myne enemyes myȝtili me assay,
I waxe feble and vnourne;

To flee to god is my beste way, — I will flee to God.
þere schal y in no poynt' spurne;
Lord! now socour me þat' beste may, — Lord, help me!'
In þin herte blood, þat' holi bourne."

Quod 3ouþe to age, "y þee forsake, — [Page 139.] Youth taunts Age with his failing strength,
þi frendis deien, þi strengþe dooþ faile,
þi si3te and heeryng' bigynneþ to slake,
þee neediþ helpe and good counsaile;
God-is seruauntis in areest' haþ þee take
Til deeþ on þee haue doon bataile; — and Death's advance on him.
þi reckenyng' bi tyme bisili þou make, — He must make up his accounts quickly.
Or þe deuel bringe þe countirtaile."

"Þou3 deeþ be eende of worldlis woo, — To some Death here is a friend,
þanne deeþ is euere mannys freende;
thou3 soulis in helle be ponischid soo, — but not to any in hell.
Deeþ comeþ not' þere to make noon eende;
Deeþ makiþ soulis to heuen to goo, — It sends some to heaven, and there troubles them not.
But' in to heuen deeþ may not' wende,
For deeþ is flemyd heuene froo,
Deeþ is sugett' to god to bende.

"Now y am sixti 3eere and ten, — At *seventy* years old, the man feels in the way of young folk;
3onge folke Y fynde my foo,
Where euere þei pleie, leepe, or renne,
þei þinken in her weie Y goo;
And whanne y mete with olde men, — [Page 140.] his only comfort is in complaints, and telling other old men his troubles.
I pleyne 'þis world is chaungid soo;'
Noon oþer bote is but' seelde when
Ech man telliþ oþir his woo."

Quod 3ouþe to age, "y þee a-peele — Youth accuses him of
And þat' bifore oure god y-wis;
I lente þee strengþe, bewte, & heele,— — wasting his strength
þese percellis ben of heuen blis,—

and wealth

Corage, liȝtnesse, freendis, & weele;
Alle þese þou hast' wastide amys

in folly,

From wijsdom in-to folies feole:
God wole haue rekenyng' of al þis.

his sight in vain-glory, his mouth in oaths and gluttony.

"Þine heerynge and þin iȝe siȝte
Þat' þou hast' wastide in veynglory;
Þi mouþe to wronge aȝen riȝte,
In fals ooþis and foule gloteny;

his hands in robbery,

Þin hondis to robbe and to fiȝte;
Þi strengþe þou wastidist' in tyrauntry;
Þi feet' in derknesse oute of liȝte,

his beauty in lechery.

Þi bewte þou wastidist' in lecchery."

[Page 141.] The old man confesses his shortcomings,

Quod man, "y was gouerned Bitwene two þeuis,
Þei stale on me: Y was stalworþe & white;
Whanne my leepis weren brouȝt' to preuis,
I wondre on my silf Y was so liȝte.

regrets his loss

ȝougþe staale from me; þat' soore me greuis;
Age steeleþ on me boþe day and nyȝte;

of youth and power,

Mi ȝougþe, my vertu, al from me meuis;
Now wondre y on my silf where is my myȝte.

and complains how youth, with all its glory, has stolen from him,

"¶ ȝougþe staale from me, Y was stalworþe & liȝte;
And age steeleþ on me Filþis to weelde;
ȝougþe steeliþ from me, Y ȝeede up riȝte;
Age steeleþ on me, Y bowe and ȝeelde;

and age, with all its defects, has stolen upon him.

ȝougþe haþ stolen from me My leepis liȝte;
Age steeliþ on me, Y wexe on-mylde;
ȝougþe steeleþ my corage To pleie & fiȝte,
Age is so on me stoolen þat' y mote to god me ȝilde.

At *eighty* years old

"Now y am euene of ȝeeris fore scoure,
So manye wyntir Y am oolde;
þere y was wonte To leepe bifore,
Fer aboute now My wei y hoolde:

My backe bowiþ, myn iȝen ben soore, [Page 142.] his back is bent,
Myn hoote blood is kelid coolde: his hot blood cold.
Alas! Conscience! to litil y toke þi loore, Ah, Conscience! I did not listen
þe talis þat þou hast ofte me toolde." to you.

Quod Conscience, "where haddist þou þat speche? *Conscience* wonders at the man's repentance,
þi liȝte leepis foonde to preue;
þe put of þe stoon þou maist not reche,
To litil myȝte is in þi sleue.
In yougþe whanne y dide þee tèche,
Foule þou me þanne dedist repreue;
I þanke god of þi good leeche." but thanks God for it.
"ȝhe, Conscience, now to þi wordis y leeue."

"Now foure score ȝeeris is past, At *ninety* years old man's life is but woe,
Mi lijf is but traueil & woo,
Fer in to rereage y am cast,
Into ten ȝeer and moo.
My lymes foulden þat weren fast,
Wiþ staffe in honde now y goo; he walks with a staff,
My redy speche may not last,
So my teeþ ben fallen me fro. his teeth fall out,

"Ful of fleissche Y was to fele, [Page 143.] his flesh is gone,
Now may I neiþer stonde ne goon;
It haþ now lefte me euery dele,
Me is lefte But skyn & boon. he is but skin and bone,
Now y am vndre Fortunes whele,
My frendis forsaken me Euerychoon, forsaken by his friends,
And alle þe synnes Y loued so weel,
Now wote y weel þei been my foon." and his sins his foes.

Quod course of kinde, "What helpiþ, y wende, *Course of Nature* asks the good of his vain regrets.
þi wissching *And* þin hadde-y-wist?
What maist þou On þo wordis spende,
It is ful febil In þi fist.

All men expect his death, and none will regret him; he cumbers all.

Now alle men waiten aftir þin eende;
þouȝ þou deye, þou schalt not be myste;
þou combrest boþe foo & frende,
þi mylle haþ grounde þi laste griste."

These mortal sins must quit the aged:

Pride,

Þre deedli synnes maden her moone,
"We forsaken man in age."
Quod Pride, "y am from him goon,
For Pride in age Doiþ disperage."

Lechery,

Quod leccherie, "He loueþ to lie a-loone;
þouȝ he wolde do, him wantiþ corage."

[Page 144.]

Gluttony.

Quod Glotenie, "he is but felle & boone,
He loueþ more mesure þan outrage."

Two think him no good, Envy and Wrath.

Quod Envie, "age hath no myȝte
Ne richesse, lenger me to fynde."
Quod wraþþe, "age may not fiȝte
þouȝ he be angri, bi course of kynde."

Two claim him, Sloth and Covetousness.

Quod Slouþe, "age my chaumbre haþ diȝte,
And calleþ me ease in his mynde."
Quod Coueitise, "age haþ me hiȝte:
Suget to me he dooþ him binde."

Overhope, or vain Confidence that they will ever do well, is the cause of men's waste and sin.

"I knowe," quod ouerhope, "fleissch is freele,
Of eolde and ȝonge, of man, of childe;
In ouerhope þei wasten her weele,
And in diuerse werkis ful wylde;
þei ouerhope euere to lyue in heele,
From age & sijknesse þei weneþ hem schilde,
þanne comeþ sijknesse, & printiþ his seele."
Quod wanhope "þan y make him mylde;

Then comes Sickness. Then Wanhope or Despair,

[Page 145.]

and bids them hoard.

"I bidde him horde, and richesse saue,
For wanhope after mischife doiþ waite,
Whanne sijknesse comeþ men to craue,"
Quod ouerhope, "þan y flatir, & sumtyme flaite,

*Overhope* still lures them on;

'Þou schalt lyue, and þi silf it haue.'"
"Ȝhe," seiþ wanhope, "kepe it straite,
Of good hope no counсell þou craue
Til deeþ þee caste with a trippe of dissaite."

Quod wanhope, "a gospel y radde:
To telle it þee y wole bigynne,
'If a man in synne be sadde
Ech day newe, and lieþ þer-inne,
Of such a man god is moore gladde
Þan of a childe þat neuere dide synne.'"
Quod Conscience, "he wolde make þe madde
To repente þee not, ne neuere blynne."

Quod Conscience to wanhope, "I-wys
Þou liest, y hate þe þerfore;
I knowe þe gospel, it seiþ þis,
'If a man haue synned longe bifore,
And axe mercy *And* a-mende his mys,
Repente, and wilne to synne no more,
Of þat man god gladder is
Þan of a child synlees y-bore.'"

Quod wanhope, "a gospel y radde;[1]
What it meneþ y can expownde,
Ech man schal haue peine or meede,
In þouȝte or dede as he is founde;
He haþ not ȝit repentid his dede,
He siȝkeþ for synnes ben not vnbounde;
Þouȝ mercy come, he schal not spede,
For in daunger of wanhope he is bounde."

Quod Conscience, "þou dotid hoore!
God-is mercy þou woldist distroie;
Þou wenest þi wickidnesse were moore
Þan god-is goodnesse & his mercie.

*Despair* mocks them,

and tells them the Gospel; if they

will plunge daily into sin, God will be more pleasd than if they never sinnd.

*Conscience*

reproves Despair,

and repeats the true Gospel, that of a repentant

sinner God is gladder than of [Page 146.] one who never sinnd.

[1 ? redde: 537]

*Despair* urges the Gospel that men suffer as they

are found, and as the old man has not yet repented,

he cannot get mercy.

Conscience says, 'Doted whore,

God's mercy

For if a man be woundid soore,
And axe no medicine, him liste te deie;
God haþ mercies y-now in stoore
For a þousand worldis þat' mercie wole crie."

is enough for a thousand worlds if they ask it.'

"Mekenes, Pacience, and Charitee,
3e þat' weren my frendis dere,
Mesure, Bisinesse, and Chastitee,
At' þis mystire comeþ me neere."

The *Old Man* calls on the Virtues to befriend him in his need.

Quod Conscience, "þou flemed us from þee;
þou woldist' not' oure loore leere."

[Page 147.]

Quod richelees, "loo, heere my meynee!
þe synnes þat' þou louedist' & seruedist', lo hem here!"

Recklessness offers instead, the crew of Sins that he lovd.

"Myne age is now an hundrid 3eere;
Litil y drinke, and lesse y ete,
On my backe I bere my beere,
And alle my frendis me for3ete,
Fayn þei wolde þat' y deed were,
Wiþ sorewful wordis þei doon me þretee,
And seyn, 'for y am so longe heere,
Whanne y come hoome y schal be beete.'

At a *hundred* years old man carries his bier on his back, all his friends wish him dead.

Now mote y leie forþ my necke,
For deeþ his swerd out' haþ lau3te;
But' I deliuere weel þis checke,
I leese my game at' þis drau3te.
Ful of synne is my secke;
To þe preest' y wole schewe þat' frau3te,
Mi schip is chargid, al gooþ to wrecke
But' if god of merci be wiþ me sau3te.

He may stretch out his neck for Death's sword; he is full of sin; he must go to wreck unless God have mercy.

This worlde haþ me in awaite,
And biddiþ me quite þat' is past';
My fleissche in ouerhope wolde me faite,
And into wanhope it' wolde me caste.

The World reproves him, Overhope and Despair tempt him,

Helle houndis berken and baite,
þe feendis writiþ my synnes faste,
And deeþ me waitiþ *with* a trippe of dissaite;
These sixe maken me soore agaste."

[Page 148.] Hell-hounds bark for him, the Fiends and Death watch for him.

Þanne comeþ forþ good hope:
To saue man he wolde fonde;
"Þou wronge weuere ouerhope!
I make him free, þou woldist make him bonde;
I schal conclude þee, þou wanhope,
Wile good feiþ wole *with* me stoonde;
Hooli writte seiþ, 'in god y hoope,
His merci is ouer þe werkis of his honde.'"

But *Good Hope* will save the old man,

if Good Faith will help.

Quod good feiþ, "for þe litil while
þat now heere [þou] hast serued me,
I wole þee kepe from al perile,
And make pees bitwene god & þee;
And ouerhope, for al his gile,
From þin herte y schal do him flee;
And wanhope also y wole exile,
For he is not of oure fraternitee."

Good Faith will make his peace with God, and drive out Overhope and Despair.

Quod þe worlde, "Y wole hise dettis quyte,
And oute of his daunger me hyȝe;
Þouȝ my fleissche berke, he schal not bitee,
From his lustis y wole him tye;
I wole waissche a-[1]Wey þat feendis write
*With* sorowe of herte and teer of yȝe,
But *with* deeþ y wole not dispuite,
But make me cleene, and leerne to deie.

Man says he will give up his fleshly [1 Page 149.] lusts, will sorrow and weep, and learn to die.

God! sowe þi merci amonge my seede,
þanne schal it growe þouȝ y sowe late,
And Repentaunce my corne schal weede,
And make good pees þere was hate.

May God sow His mercy in him, and Repentance will weed his corn.

Then the works of Mercy will let him in at heaven's gate.

þe comaundementis þat' god bede,
þat' is þe locke of heuen 3ate;
Seuene werkis of mercy, and þe crede,
632 þese keies schullen late me in þerate."

Reader, you have heard of Youth and Age, Virtue and Vice, Good Angel and Bad.

Now haue 3e herde of 3ougþis delice;
And age in kynde, sijke, & woo;
Knowing' of uertu & of vice;
636 Good aungil, & wickid freende, & foo;
And vndirstonding'e to be wijs.

Look in this Mirror; take your choice, for Heaven or Hell.

Now in þis mirrour loke 3ou soo;
In 3oure free wille þe choice lijs,
640 To heuen or helle whiþir 3e wille goo.

The world, the flesh, and the devil tempt us.

The worlde, þe fleissche, & þe feende,
In temptacioun doiþ us chase;
Bid repentaunce to merci beende,
644 And waissche us at' þe welle of grace.

[Page 150.]

Let us pray to God

Praie we to god graunte us good eende,
And in heuen to haue a place,
þat' after oure deeþ we mowen þidir wende,

that after death we may see His fair face.

648 And in perfi3t' loue se his fair face.

Dear friends, who read this, pray for the Writer's soul to Mary, Mother,

Now, leeue freendis, greete and smale,
þat' haue herde þis trete,
Praie for þe soule þat' wroot' þis tale
652 A Pater noster, & an aue
To marie modir, maiden free,
As sche bare a childe Coumforte to us,

to pity it if Christ will. Amen.

On þat' soule haue pitee
656 If þe wille be of crist' ihesus. **amen.**

[*Stans Puer*, printed in *Babees Boke*, &c., p. 27 follows here.]

# God send us Paciens in oure Oolde Age!

[*Pages* 113—17, *written without breaks. Rymes ababababab, bcbc.*]

FRom þe tyme þat we were bore[1] [1 MS. born]
oure 3ouþe passiþ from day to day, Our youth passes away from day to day,
And age encreesiþ moore & moore,
& so doiþ it now, þe sothe to say:
At euery hour a poynt is y-loore,
So fast gooþ oure 3ouþe away,
And 3ouþe wole come a3en no moore, and will come back no more.
But age wole make us boþe blak & gray.
þerfore take hede boþe ny3t & day Take heed, then,
How fast 3oure 3ouþe dooþ asswage;
*And* boþe 3onge & oolde, lete us praie and pray God for patience in old age.
þat god send us paciens in oure oolde age.

¶ Age wole take from us oure my3t Age will take from us
þat in oure 3ouþe to us was lent;
And also þe cleernesse of oure syght our clear sight,
*And* oure heerynge schal be faynt. hearing,
þanne schulen we be heuy þat eer were li3t, and lightness.
Bicause þat 3ouþe is from us went,
And þanne wole men do us no ri3t,
But al contrarie to oure entent,
And sikenes wole do us greet turment Sickness will torment us.
Whom deeþ wole sende on his message;
Forsoþe þe best ameendement
is þanne pacience in oure olde age. [Page 114.]

Our bones will ache,

Oure body wole icche, *oure* bonis wole ake,
*oure* owne fleisch wole ben *oure* foo;

our head shake,

Oure heed, *oure* hondis, þo wolen schake,
And oure leggis wole tremble where we go;
Oure bonis wole drie as dooþ a stake,
And in *oure* bodi we schulen be woo,

our nose turn black,

Oure nose, *oure* chekis, wolen wexe al blake,
& oure glad chere wole fade us fro;
*And* whanne oure teeþ ben goon also,

our tongue lose its fair speech.

Oure tunge schal lese his fair langage:
Praie we for us silf & oþer moo
þat god sende us paciens *in oure* olde age!

Our friends will hate us;

Oure freendis þat schulden loue us best,
þanne wole þei haue us but in hate,
In freendschip is þer noon oþer trust,
& þerof be we waare to late.

we shall say, 'Oh, if I had but known;'

þan may we synge of had y wist,
Oure feynt freendis han us forsake,

no kiss will greet us

And also we schulen go vnkist
boþe at þe dore & at þe gate;

and no joy gladden us.
[1 Page 115.]

And for al þe cheer þat we can make,
þan is [1]no ioie of *oure* visage:

God send us patience in our old age!

Whanne *oure* bewte schal aslake,
god send us paciens in *oure* olde age!

¶ we schulen be so angri euermore,
we wolden ben awreke of euery wrong,

Some will scorn us, others think we live too long;

þanne summe wolen scorne us þerfore,
& summe wole seie we lyue to long;
Oure sorowe wole þan sitte us so soore

our stomachs will take no food;

*Oure* stomak wole no mete fonge;
& euer*i* day more & more

we shall sing of sorrow and care.

Of sorewe & care schal be *oure* song.
whanne we were boþe hool & strong
we were to wie[l]de, & wold out rage,

*And* þerfore lete us praie among' — Let us pray God to send us Patience in our old age.
þat' god send us paciens in *our*e olde age.

¶ For þan wole no þing' us availe — Nought but prayers and a crutch will then avail us,
but' *our*e bedis and oure crucche,
for wordli welþe wole fade & faile,
And þerfore truste we it' not' to mychе;
& þan wole sijknes us assaile — for sickness will assault us,
Til it' haþ made us lijk a wrecche,
& þan may we do no greet' traueile
But' [1]*sum*mtyme grone, & sumtyme gruccho, — [1 Page 116.] and we shall groan and get the itch.
And *sum*tyme clawe for scabbe & icche
Wha*n*ne age haþ us at' his auaun*t*age:
Who-so lyueþ long' schal be such;
God sende us pacie*n*s in *our*e olde age! — May God send us Patience then!

¶ Al þat' we haue lyued heere, — Our time on earth is but a dream;
It' is but' as a dreem y-met',
For now it' is as it' neuere were,
*And* so is it' þat' is comyng' ȝit'.
Ful fast' we draw*e*n to *our*e beere, — we draw towards our death.
In sorewe & drede we schule*n* be sett'.
Of oolde men þe ȝonge may lere, — Let the young learn from the old, for the devil keeps them
*And* fewe þer ben þat' doon þe bett';
For þe feend haþ cauȝt' hem in his nett',
*And* holdiþ hem fast' in bondage
For þei schulde*n* not' dispose her witt' — from having Patience in their old age.
To haue pacie*n*ce in her oolde age.

¶ þa*n*ne schulen we se þat' worldli blis — Then worldly bliss will seem vain.
Is but' a þing' of vanite,
*And* it' makiþ me*n* to do amys
þat' ben in weelþe & greet' bewte;
*And* þerfor, lord, good riȝt' it' is — It is right that we be chastisd with our own staff.
*With* *our*e owne staf chastisid to be:
Lord! ȝoue us *gr*ace to þinke on þis, — [Page 117.] Christ, let us think on this.
As þou bouȝt' us alle upon a tree,

*And* þat' we may in charite
and pass over death to everlasting bliss. Weel passe ou*er* þis passage
·I*n*-to þe blis þat' eu*er*e schal be,
96 Whanne we be*n* passid ou*r*e oolde age.

["Bothe ȝongė & oolde," or "Se what oure lord suffride for oure sake," printed above, pp. 32-4, follows here.]

# This World is but a Vanyte.

## AN OLD MAN'S LAMENT.

[*Lambeth MS.* 853, *ab.* 1430 A.D., *page* 58; *written without breaks.*

AS Y GAN wandre in my walkinge
Bisidis an holt' vndir an hille,
Y say an oolde man sitte wepinge:
With siȝynge sore he seide me tille,
¶ "Sumtime y hadde þe world at wille,
With ricchesse & with rialte,
And now it' is turned al to ille;
þe worlde is but' a vanyte.

In my walk

I saw an old man sighing, and he said, "Once I had all the world at my will, but now it's all turnd to ill.

My silf I likne vnto þe morewe:
Whanne y was child, & bor[e]n bare,
Mi modir for me suffride sorewe
With gruntyngis gril & siȝinge sare;
¶ On me was nieþer wem ne hore;
But' siþen in synne y haue be;
Now y am oolde y wepe þerfore;
þis world is but' a vanyte.

I am like the Morning. At my birth my Mother groand with pain.

I was spotless,

but now am sinful.

At' mydmore y lerned to go,
And plaied as childre*n* doon *in* [1]strete;
þe kinde of childhode y dide also,
Wiþ my felawis to fiȝte and þrete.
¶ Al þat' y dide, it' þouȝte me swete,
For al þis childhode tauȝte me;
Now y am oolde, þerfore y wepe;
þis worlde is but' a vanite.

At Mid-morn I playd,
[1 Page 59.]

and like a boy fought.

All I did, seemd sweet: but now I weep for it.

This world is but vanity.

At Undern (9 A.M.) I was put to school,

Atᵗ vndren to scole y was settᵗ
To lerne lore, as oþir dooþ;

and curst my master when he beat me.

Whanne my maistir wolde me betᵗ,
I wolde him curse, y was ful wrooþ.

I car'd only for joy and jollity,

¶ To lerne good y was ful looþ,
I þouȝte on ioie & ioilite;

alas!

Now certis, for to seie þe sooþ,
þis world is butᵗ a vanyte.

At Mid-day I was knighted,

Atᵗ mydday y was dubbid knyȝtᵗ,
In route y lerned for to ryde;

and none durst stand my charge.

Was þer noon so hardi a wiȝtᵗ
þatᵗ in bataile durste me abide.

Where is now my bravery? Not to be hidden from death.

¶ Where is bicome now al my pride,
Mi booldnes, & my fair bewte?
Now from deeþ may y me notᵗ hide;
þis world is butᵗ a vanyte.

At High Noon I was crownd King, and fulfild all my lusts.
[1 Page 60.]

Atᵗ hiȝ noon y was crowned kingᵗ,
þis world was oonli atᵗ my wille;
Euere to [1]lyue was my likingᵗ,
And alle my lustis to fulfille.

Now age has crept on me.

¶ Now age is cropen on me ful stille,
*And* makiþ me oold & blac of ble,
And y go downeward wiþ þe hille;

This world is but vanity.

þis World is butᵗ a vanite.

At Mid-afternoon my pleasures past away.

Atᵗ mydouernoon y droupid faste,
Mi lustᵗ & likingᵗ wente away;
From iolite myn hertᵗ is paste
From rialte & riche aray.

Man's life here is but a day compared to everlasting life.

¶ Mannis lijf here is butᵗ a day
Aȝens þe lijf þatᵗ euere schal be;
*And* oo þingᵗ y dare weel say,
þatᵗ þis world is butᵗ a vanyte.

At euensong tyme y wax ful coold,
And bigan to go bi staue;
Now is deep on me ful boold,
*And* for his rent he wole me craue.
¶ Whanne y am deed & leid in graue,
Per is no þing þanne þat saueþ me
But good or yuel þat y do haue;
Þis world is but a vanite.

At Even Song I walkt with a staff. Death seeke me.

In the grave nought saves but good done.

Thus is þe day come to nyȝt,
Þat me loþith of my lyuynge,
And doolful deep to me is diȝt,
*And* in coold [1]clay now schal y clinge."
¶ Þus an oold man y herde mornynge
Biside an holte vndir a tree.
God graunte us his blis euerlastinge!
Þis world is but a vanite.

At Night I loathe my life. Death and the Grave possess me.

[1] Page 61.]

God grant us His bliss! for this world is but vanity.

["In a noon tijd," or "*Reuertere*," pp. 91-4 of this volume, follows here in the MS.]

# This World is False and Vain.

[*Lambeth MS.* 853, *page* 32, *written without breaks.*]

Why is this world belovd?

Whi is þis world biloued þat' fals is & veyn,
Siþen þat' hise welþis ben so vnserteyn?

Its power passes away like a brittle pot.

¶ Al so soone hee passiþ his power away
As dooþ a brokil poot' þat' freisch is and gay.

¶ Truste ȝe raþer to lettris writte*n* wi*th*i*n*ne þis
þan to þis wrecchid world þat' ful of sy*n*ne is.

It is false in all, and so unstable,

¶ It' is fals in his biheeste, & riȝt' disceyuable;
It haþ bigilid many a man, it' is so vnstable.

[1 Page 33.]

¶ It' is raþir [1]to bileeue þe wageringe wijnde
þan þe chau*n*geable world þat' makiþ men so blinde.

false in its business and its pleasures too.

¶ For wheþe*r* þou slepe or wake, þou schalt' fynde it' fals.
Bothe in hise bisinessis & *in* hise lustis als.

Where is Solomon,

¶ Telle me whe*re* is Salamon, su*m*tyme a king' richee,

or Samson,

Or Sampson þe stro*n*ge to whom was no man liche?

Absalom or Jonathan,

¶ Or þe fair man absolon, me*r*ueilose *in* cheere,
Or þe duke ionatas, a weel biloued fere?

Cæsar or Dives,

¶ Where is bicome cesar, þat' lorde was of al,
Or þe riche man cloþid in purpur & *in* pal?

Tully or Aristotle,

¶ Telle me where ys tullius, in eloquence so sweete,
Or aristotil þe Filosofre wi*th* his witt' so greete?

¶ Where ben þese wǒrþi þat' were heere-to-forn? or all former kings? All their power is lost,
Boþe kingis & bischopis, her power is al lorn.

¶ Alle þese greete princis with her power so hiȝe all vanishd in the twinkling of an eye.
Ben vanischid nowa-way in twynke[1]ling'of an yȝe. [1 Page 34.]

¶ Þe ioie of þis wrecchid world is a schoorte feeste, This world's joy is a passing shadow,
And it' is likened to a schadewe þat' may not' longe leste,

¶ And ȝit' it' drawiþ man from heuen riche blis, and yet makes man lose heaven.
And ofte tyme it' makiþ him to synne & do a-mys.

¶ Calle no þing' þine owne, þerfore, þat' þou maist' heere leese; Call nothing here thine own;
For þat' þe world haþ lent' þee, efte he wole it' cese.

¶ Sette þin herte in heuene a-boue, & þenke what' ioie is þere, set thy heart on heaven above.
And þus to dispise þe world y rede þat þou lere.

Þou þat' art' but' wormes meete, poudre, & dust', Thou food for worms, exalt not thyself in pride;
To enhaunce þi silfe in pride sett' not' þi lust'.

¶ For þou woost' not' to-day þat' þou schalt' lyue thou mayst die to-morrow.
to-morowe,
Þerfore do þou euere weel, And þanne schalt' Therefore do well.
þou not' sorowe.

¶ It' were ful ioieful & sweete, lordschipe to haue, Lordship would be good if it could save a man,
If' so þat' lordschip miȝte a man fro [2]deeþ saue, [2 Page 35.]

¶ But' for as myche as a man schal deie at' þe laste,
It' is noo worschip, but' a charge, lordschip to taaste. but it is no honour, only a burden.

**Omnia terrena** All earthly things are another's by turns,
**Per vices sunt aliena:**
**nescio sunt cuius;**
**mea nunc, cras huius et huius.** now mine, now another's.
**Dic, homo, quid speres,** What do you hope for, if you cleave wholly to this world?
**si mundo totus adheres;**
**nulla tecum feres,** You can take nothing out of it but yourself.
**licet tu solus haberes.**

# Earth.

**Whanne liif is moost loued, and deeþ is moost hatid: þanne dooþ deeþ drawe his draw3t, and makiþ man ful nakid.**

**De terra plasmasti me, &c.**

Man, made of earth, has only

cared how he may be set high up on earth.

ERþe out' of erþe is wondirly wró\u3t',
Erþe of erþe haþ gete a dignyte of nou3t',
Erþe upon erþe haþ sett' al his þou3t',
How þat' erþe upon erþe may be hi3 brou3t'.

Man would be a king on earth;

[1 Page 36.]

but when earth bids him home, he shall find it hard to part.

¶ Erþe upon erþe wold be a king';
But' how erþe schal to erþe, þenkiþ he no [1]þing';
Whanne þat' erþe biddiþ erþe hise rentis hom bring',
þan schal erþe out'of erþe haue a piteuous parting'.

Man wins on earth castles, and says 'it is ours.'

¶ Erþe vpon erþe wynneþ castels & touris,
þan seiþ erþe to erþe 'now is þis al houris:'
Whanne erþe upon erþe haþ biggid up hise boure[s],

But he shall suffer sharply for it.

þanne schal erþe upon erþe suffir scharpe schouris.

Man goes on earth glittering in gold,

¶ Erþe gooþ vpon erþe as molde upon molde,
So gooþ erþe upon erþe al gliteringe in golde,

and yet he shall return to earth before he likes.

Like as erþe vnto erþe neuere go schulde;
And 3it' schal erþe vn-to erþe raþer þan he wolde.

Wretched man, who toilest

¶ O þou wrecchid erþe þat' on erþe traueilist' ny3t' and day

To florische þe erþe, to peynte þe erþe *with* wantowne aray; — to adorn thee with fine raiment,

3it' schal þou, erþe, for al þi erþe, make þou it' neue*re* so queynte & gay, — yet shalt thou

Out' of þis erþe into þe erþe, *þere* to clinge as a clot' of clay. — return to earth like a clod.

¶ O wrecchid man, whi art' þou proud [1]þat' art' of þe erþe makid? — [1 Page 37.] Why art thou proud who art made of earth?

Hid*er* brou3ttist' þou no schroud, But' poore come þou, and nakid; — Thou camst to earth naked, and

Wha*nne* þi soule is went' out', & þi bodi in erþe rakid; — when thou art put in earth,

þan þi bodi þat' was rank & Vndeuout', Of alle men is bihatid." — all men will hate thee.

¶ Out' of þis erþe cam to þis erþe þis wrecchid garnement'; — Thy clothing came from earth

To hide þis erþe, to happe þis erþe, to hi*m* was cloþinge lente; — to enwrap thy earth,

Now gooþ erþe upon erþe, ruli, raggid, and rent', — which under the earth shall have

þ*er*fore schal erþe vndir þe erþe haue hidiose turment'. — torment.

¶ Whi þat' erþe to mychc loueþ erþe, wondir me þink, — Why earth(man) loves earth too much, I wonder,

Or whi þat' erþe for super*flue* erþe to sore sweete wole or swynk;

For wha*nne* þat' erþe upo*n* erþe is brou3t' *with*-i*nne* þe brink, — for when man comes to the grave's brink he shall have a sad

þan schal erþe of þe erþe haue a rewful swynk. — time of it.

¶ Lo, erþe upon erþe, considere þou may — Man, thou camst into earth naked,

How erþe comeþ i*n*to erþe nakid al way, — [Page 38.]

¶ Whi schulde erþe upon erþe go now so stoute or gay

and shall be so when thou diest.

36 Whanne erþe schal passe out' of erþe in so poore aray?

Think on this, and of the judgment at thy resurrection,

¶ Wolde god, þerfore, þis erþe, While þat' he is upon þis erþe, Vpon þis wolde hertili þinke,
*And* how þe erþe out' of þe erthe schal haue his a3en-risynge,
And þis erþe for þis erþe schal 3eelde streite rekenyng;

and then never for this earth shalt thou displease God.

40 Schulde neuere þan þis erþe for þis erþe mysplese heuene king.

Pray therefore,

¶ þerfore, þou erþe, vpon erþe þat' so wickidli hast' wrou3t',
While þat' þou, erþe, art' upon erþe, turne a3en þi þou3t',

man, to God,

And praie to þat' god upon erþe þat' al þe erþe haþ wrou3t',

that thou mayst come to bliss.

44 þat' þou, erþe upon erþe, to blis may be brou3t'.

Lord, let not man come to grief for this earth, but

¶ O þou lord þat' madist' þis erþe for þis erþe, & suffridist' heere peynes ille,
Lete neuere þis erþe for þis erþe myscheue ne spille,

[1 Page 39.] here ever work Thy will, that he may ascend to Thy high hill.

But' þat' þis erþe on þis [1]erþe be euere worchinge þi wille,

48 So þat' þis erþe from þis erþe may stie up to þin hi3 hille. A-M-E-N.

[See an earlier Poem on *Earth*, in alternate English and Latin stanzas, in my edition of *Early English Poems* for the Philological Society, 1862, p. 150-2; and in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. ii. p. 216. *Memento homo quod cinis es*, and the Creed (pp. 101-3 of this Text), follow here in the MS.]

# Reuertere!

(IN ENGLISCH TUNGE, TURNE AȝEN!)

[*Lambeth MS.* 853, *ab.* 1430 A.D., *page* 61, *written without breaks.*]

IN a noon tijd of a somers day — One sunny summer noon I
þe sunne schoon ful myrie þat' tide, — took out my hawk
I took myn hauk al for to play, — and spaniel.
Mi spaynel rennyng' bi my side.
¶ A feisaunt' hen soone gan y se, — The dog put up a hen-pheasant,
Myn hound put' up ful fair to fliȝt', — and I flew my
I sente my faukun, y leet' him flee: — falcon at her—a
It' was to me a deinteuose siȝt'. — pretty sight.

¶ My faukun fliȝ faste to his pray, — I ran on fast,
I ran þo with a ful glad chere,
I spurned ful soone on my way,
Mi leg' was hent' al with a brere.
¶ þis brere forsoþe dide me grijf, — but a briar brought me to grief, and made me turn back, for on every leaf of it was written *Revertere.*
And soone it' made me to turne aȝe,
For he bare written in euery leef
þis word in latyn, reuertere.

I knelid & pullid þe brere me fro, — I disentangled myself.
*And* redde þis word ful hendeli;
Myn herte fil doun vnto my too — [Page 62.] My heart fell to my toe.
þat' was woont' sitten ful likingly.
¶ I leete myn hauke & feysaunt' fare, — I let the hawk and hen fly,
Mi spaynel fil doun to my knee,

and sighd over this *Reuertere.*

þanne took y me wiþ siȝynge sare
þis new lessoun, reuertere.

It means 'turn again, or back.'

Reuertere is as myche to say
In englisch tunge as, turne aȝen:

Turn then, man, and think of thy life, open and hidden.

Turne aȝen, man, y þee pray,
And þinke hertili what þou hast ben;
¶ Of þi liuynge be-þinke þee rijfe,
In open & in priuite.

If thou wouldst go to heaven, think of '*turn again.*'

þat þou may come to euerlastinge lijf,
Take to þi mynde reuertere.

I became serious,

Þis word made me to studie sore,
*And* binam me al my list;

and thought how I had spent my life.

How y hadde ledde my lijf so ȝore,
I putt it freischli in-to my brist.

I found myself full far from God,

¶ þanne foond y me ful fer y-flet
Al from god in maieste;

and will repent.

Forsoþe þere schal no þing me leett
þat y ne wole synge reuertere.

This summer-noon heat [1 Page 63.]

This noon hete of þe someris day,
Whanne þe sunne moost [1]hiȝest is,

is like

It may be likened in good fay,
For gregorie witnessiþ weel þis;

man in youth, rushing into all kinds of sin.

¶ For in ȝonge age men wide doon walke
To dyuers synnis in fele degre:
þouȝ a ȝong man make a balke,
ȝit take to þi mynde reuertere.

Lust blinds many a man,

For likinge blindiþ many oon
þat he seeþ not him-silf y-wis,
And makiþ his herte as hard as stoon;

and prevents him thinking of heaven.

þanne þenkiþ he not on heuen blis;
¶ For danyel preueþ it weel riȝtfulli,
As susannis storie telliþ me,

Two preestis were deemed worþili;
For likinge þei knew not reuertere.

3ouþe beriþ þe hauke upon his hond — Youth bears the hawk on his hand.
Whanne ioilite forȝetiþ age:
This hauke is mannis herte, y vndirstonde, — The hawk is man's heart, and
For it is ȝong & of hiȝ romage.
¶ He puttiþ his hauke fro his fist, — is flown from the fist, but not to God.
He þat schulde to god be free;
He meltiþ and wexiþ a weel poore gist
Whanne [1]he comeþ to reuertere. — [1 Page 64.]

For ful of corage is ȝougeþe in herte, — Youth watches ever its prey, and
And waitynge euere on his pray,
He ne spariþ ryuer ne þornes smerte — spares no prick of thorn to get its pleasure.
To gete his myrþe þere he beest may.
¶ He þat enserchiþ þe derknes of nyȝt, — Let the watcher of the night ask whether youth will heed the call 'Turn again.'
And þe myst of þe morowtide may se,
He schal know bi cristis myȝt
If ȝouþe kunne synge reuertere.

This hauk of herte in ȝouþe y-wys, — This hawk, man's heart, pursues ever the hen-pheasant Pleasure.
Pursueþ euere þis feisaunt hen;
þis feisaunt hen is likingnes,
And euere folewiþ hir þese ȝonge men.
¶ þis is likinge in euery synne, — Lust or Desire is the beginning of every sin,
Venial & deedli wheþer it be,
With greet likinge he wole bigynne,
But sorewe bringe forþ reuertere.

Liking is modir of synnis alle, — their mother, and nourisher,
And norischiþ euery wickid dede,
In feele myscheues sche makiþ to falle, — and of all sorrow leads the dance.
Of al sorowe sche dooþ þe daunce leede.
¶ þis herte of ȝouþe is hie[2] of port, — [2 MS. his.] Youth, through wildness,
And wildenes makiþ him ofte to flo, — [Page 65.]

often goes wrong. Then it should *turn again.*

And ofte to falle in wickid sort';
88 þanne is it' þe beste, reuertere.

In plensure, think that youth must leave thee.

But' be waar of welþe or þou be woo;
In iolite whan þou art' piȝt',
Þinke þat' ȝonge wole go þe fro,
92 Be þou neuere so greet' of miȝt'.

When age takes thee, thou wilt think it best to *turn again.*

Whanne age haþ take þee bi þe brest',
And for febilnes þou myȝt' not' se,
Þin herte seiþ þanne þat' it' is best'
96 For to seie & synge reuertere.

Holy Writ says that a request too long delayd will be refusd.

But' *in* holi writt' we fynde
If þou þi lord schulde ouȝt' aske a þing',
For þi longe beinge bihinde,
100 Aȝenseid art' þou of þin askinge.

In youth thou didst wild outrage and forgattest *Revertere.*

¶ While þou were ȝonge, in tendre age,
Of þin askinge þou were ful free
In ydilnes & wilde outrage;
104 þanne was forȝete reuertere.

Let every one think how short a time he shall be here.

Perfore euery man biþinke him weel
How litil while is his dwellynge;
As holy writt' yt' dooþ telle,
[1 Page 66.] 108 He schal not' [1]knowe with-oute lesinge.

Cocks crow when midnight comes.

¶ A cok can crowe his tyme mydnyȝt',
Which he knowith weel in his degre:
Man knows not his time if he cannot say *Revertere.*

But' his tyme he knowith not' ariȝt'
112 þat' can weel neuere seie reuertere.

Think, then, man, that there is no so poor wretch as thou.

Therfore be þou in certein, man,
While þou muste knowe how;
Biþinke þi silf how þou art' þan;
116 Noon so poore a wrecche as þou!

Pray we all to God to grant everlasting bliss to all who can say '*Turn again.*'

¶ þerfore praye we to heuene king',
Euery man in his degree,
To graunte them þe blis euerlastinge
120 þat' þis word weel kan seie, reuertere.

# Merci Passiþ Riȝtwisnes.

(A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A SINNER AND MERCY.)

[*Lambeth MS.* 853, *ab.* 1430 A.D., *pages* 66 *to* 73; *written without breaks.*]

BI a forest' as y gan walke,
With-out' a paleys in a leye,
I herde two men togidre talke;
I þouȝte to wite what' þei wolde seie.
¶ þat' oon stood in a doolful aray,
Hise deedli synnis he gan to defie,
"Alas," he seide, "me dreediþ to-day
þat' riȝt' wole forþ, & no mercye."

¶ þanne answeride merci with sobir [1]cheer,
"Man, me þinkiþ þi witt' is bare;
If þou wolt', y schal þee leer,
þee neediþ not' to moorne so sare.
¶ I rede þee to foonde to ameende þi fare;
Go euery day & heere a messe,
And schryue þee clene, & haue noo care,
For mercy passiþ riȝtwisnes."

¶ þanne seide þe synner with angri mood,
"Man, me þenkist' [2] þou doost' raue;
I woot' weel þou canst' no good,
þou barist' neuere staat' but' as a knawe.

As I walked I
heard two men talking.
One was very sad,
fearing that Right would be done, without Mercy.
[1 Page 67.] But *Mercy* said, Man, you
need not mourn.
Amend your ways, hear Mass daily, be shriven, and fear not,
Mercy passeth Righteousness.
*The Sinner* answerd, Thou ravest:
[2 *for* þenkiþ.]

as I deserve, so shall I have;

¶ As y deserue, so schal y haue;
Weel bittirli y schal a-bie;
I knowe noon helpe þat me schulde haue,
Right, not Mercy. But þat riȝt schal forþ, and no mercie."

*Mercy.*

¶ þanne seide mercye meeke & mylde,
If thou wilt give up thy sin, "If þou wolt fro þi synnes drawe,
þouȝ þou speke þese wordis wilde,
To helpe þee ȝit I wolde be fawe.
love God and repent, ¶ Loue weel god, þat is my sawe,
[1 Page 68.] Repente þee blyue of [1]al þi mys;
He is over the law: Almyȝti god is ouer þe lawe,
His Mercy exceeds His Justice. His merci passiþ his riȝtwisnes."

*The Sinner.* "Seie me," quod þe synner, "þou foonued[2] clerk.
[2 *or* fonoued.] þou coudist neuere rede in no spel;
I never willingly did a good deed; I wrouȝte wilfulli neuere good werk;
What riȝt haue y in heuen to dwelle?
I deserve hell; ¶ I haue deserued to go to helle,
And þerfore ofte sore sike y;
my wicked deeds will kill me. My wickid dedis wole me quelle,
Right, and no Mercy, on me. þere riȝt schal forþ, and no mercye."

*Mercy.* ¶ Merci seide "þou canst no good;
God schewiþ þee kyndenes many foolde,
God shed His blood for thee and me, For þee & me he schedde his blood,
And suffride woundis bittir & colde.
and bought us with His flesh. ¶ His fair body to þe iewis was solde
To bie oure synful soulis to blis;
Thy soul is His. He will have mercy. þi soule is his, y myȝt be bolde;
His merci passiþ his ryȝtwisnes."

*The Sinner.* ¶ "Forsoþe," quod þe synner, "þat leue y weel,
I know God is good and true, and loves Truth. þat he is boþe good & kynde,
And þerto trewer þan ony steel;
þat he loueþ truþe weel schal y fynde.

¶ How myȝt' god me of care vnbinde
Siþen god loueþ trouþe so verrili?
Do way, mercy, þou spillist' myche windo,
For riȝt' schal forþ, & no mercy.'

[Page 69.]
How then shall He free me?
Right will prevail, not Mercy.

¶ Merci seide, " woldist' þou god knowe,
And wiþ good entent' mercy calle,
And to him meekeli þee abowe,
þan schal neuere myscheef in þee falle.
¶ þouȝ þou haddist' do þe synnis alle,
And þou crie mercy for al þi mys,
*And with* good herte on him to calle,
þan wole his mercy passe riȝtwisnes."

*Mercy.*
If thou wilt really pray for mercy,
tho' thou hast sind all the sins,
God's Mercy will exceed His Justice.

¶ " What', " quod þe synner, " y trowe þou raue;
Canst' þou neuere of þi"pletinge blynne?
þe deuel bad me neuere mercy craue,
And he can more clergie þan al þi kynne;
¶ And he him silf is ful of synne,
*And* ȝit' wole he neuere mercy crie:
I coueite neuere heuen to wynne
While riȝt' schal forþ, & no mercie."

*The Sinner.*
Nonsense! The Devil bad me never ask mercy;
and he knows more than thou.
He is full of sin, and never asks mercy;
Justice will prevail.

¶ Merci seide " y preue bi skile,
Witt' is nouȝt' worþ, but grace be souȝt';
þe deuel [1]Haþ clergie & witt' at' wille,
And euere he settiþ it foule at' nouȝt':
¶ He fil in wanhope as him neuere rouȝte,
þoruȝ pride in heuen he loste his blis;
Hadde he oonys grace bisouȝte,
Merci hadde passid riȝtwijsnes."

*Mercy.*
The devil's wit is no good without grace.
[1 Page 70.]
He fell into despair when he lost heaven.
Had he sought grace he'd have had Mercy.

¶ Whanne þe synner herd þis, he siȝed sore,
*With* rewful cheer greet' dool he made,
And seide, " of þee wole y lerne more;
þan is the deuel fals and bad,
¶ For if he myȝte merci haue had,

*The Sinner.*
I'll learn of thee.
The devil *must* be bad if he might have had mercy.

A þousand siþis y him defie;
He may be sory & no-þing glad
88 Þat schal haue [1]riȝtwisnes & no *mercy*."

He needs be sorry who gets Right and not Mercy.

*Mercy.*

Dear brother, give up the devil, who would send you to hell.

Pray for grace, God will send it, and thy soul will go to heaven.

**M**ercy biheeld þat semeli goost.
And seide, "leue broþer, forsake þe feend,
For he wolde fayn þi soule were lost,
92 To dwelle in helle *with*out eend.
¶ Biseche now grace, & god wole sende
And þou wolt do as y þee wijs,
*And* þan þi soule to heue*n* schal wende,
96 Þere *merci* passiþ riȝtwisnes."

[Page 71.]
*The Sinner.*
My past life is worthless; I will serve God;

may He keep me from sin.

I defy the false fiend who promised me Right, not Mercy.

**A**las," quod þe sy*nner*, "al my lijf y rue,
For it is no þing as y wende;
To *ser*ue god y wole be trewe
100 If ony grace he wole me sende.
¶ Of al wickidnes he me defende!
þe fals feend, y him defie;
He wolde no þing þat y dide meende,
104 Þat biheet me riȝt no *mercie*."

*Mercy.*
Do so, and rejoice. Be sorry for thy sin,

be shriven,

do penance,

and repent:

Thou shalt know that Mercy passes Justice.

**M**erci seide "if þou wolt so,
þou myȝt be glad al þi lijf,
And for þi sy*nne* þou maist be woo,
108 *And* to a preest cleene þee schriue,
¶ And take penau*nce* *with*out strijf,
Repe*n*tynge þee of al þi mys,
þan bi þi witt þou maist knowe rijf
112 Þat *merci* passiþ riȝtwisnes."

*The Sinner.*
No penance is enough for me: not being buried alive.

"**A**las," quod the sy*nner*, "y haue lyued wrong!
What penaunce were y worþi to haue?
þer may no man sette me to strong
116 þouȝ y were quicke doluen on graue.

[1] MS. *transposes* riȝtwisnes *and* mercy.

¶ A! almiȝty god, mercy I craue,
Now lete my flesche my synnis abie!
Graciose crist! my soule þou haue,
For riȝt is nouȝt wiþout mercie." [Page 72.]

Ah God! have mercy. Christ, take my soul.

Mercy seide, "ful weel þou woost,
As þou hast often herd sayen,
What man is founde þat was lost,
Wiþ him is crist plesid & fayn.
¶ What nede had crist to suffre payne
But for to bie oure soulis to blis?
Telle me þi lijf heere al playn,
þat mercy may passe riȝtwisnes."

*Mercy.*
Christ rejoices over the lost sinner who is found.
Tell me all thy sins.

"My fyue wittis y haue mys spende
þoruȝ pride, enuie, & leccherie:
To þe ten heestis y haue not tende
þoruȝ slouþe, wraþþe, & glotenie.
¶ In coueitise lyued haue y,
And neuere dide werkis of mercyes;
God! ȝeue me grace or þat y die!
þi merci may passe riȝtwisnes."

*The Sinner.*
I have misspent my Five Senses;
disobeyed the Ten Commandments; livd in covetousness, and done no good works.
God, let Thy Mercy pass Thy Justice.

Merci ȝaf him penaunce stronge,
And seide "man, wolt þou þis take?
þou muste suffre boþe riȝt and wrong
If þou þi synne wolt forsake
¶ In good praiers þou muste wake,
And neuere [1]wilne to do a-mys;
And for þi sorewe þat þou doost make,
Merci schal passe riȝtwisnes."

*Mercy.*
Do this penance: Suffer, and forsake thy sin.
Watch and pray.
Never will to sin. [1 Page 73.]
Then Mercy shall exceed Justice.

Þe synner took penaunce wiþ good entent,
*And* lefte al his wickid synne;
Whanne he hadde leeue, away he went
The sinner forsook his sins,

and all his friends did great penance, and no sin wilfully.

From alle his freendis, ẖiþ & kynne.
¶ In greet penaunce he putte him inne,
And neuere aftir wilfulli dide mys;

He trusted to God to bring him to heaven.

He truste on god heuen to wynne,
Þere mercy passiþ riȝtwijsnes.

Lord! give us grace, and be merciful to us.

Almiȝti god! now make us stable,
And ȝeue us grace weel to spede,
And to us alle bee merciable,
And forȝeue us alle oure mysdede.

Mary, guide our souls to thy Son,

¶ And helpe us, ladi, att oure moost nede,
To þi sone oure soulis þou wys,
And with his mercy fulli us fede

where Mercy prevails over Justice.

Þere mercy passiþ riȝwijsnes. A-M-E-N.

["As resoun rewlid," or "Filius Regis Mortuus est," follows. It is printed in *Political, Religious, and Love Poems*, p. 205, &c.]

# The Belief.

[*Lambeth MS.* 853, *ab.* 1430 A.D., *page* 39 ; *written without breaks.*]

¶ **Memento homo quod cinis es, et in cinerem reuerteris.** Remember, man, that thou art dust.

¶ **Fac bene dum viuis. Post mortem viuere si uis.** Do well while thou livest.

¶ **Tangere qui gaudet. meretricem qualiter audet.** How does he who delights to touch a harlot, dare to handle the King of Salvation with polluted hands.

**Palmis pollutis. regem tractare salutis.**

**Credo in deum patrem omnipotentem.**

IN þee, god fadir, I bileeue, — I believe in God the Father,
þe firste persoone ful of myȝt,
þat al of nouȝt hast maad to meeue,
4 boþe heuen & erþe, day & nyȝt.

¶ And in þin oonly goten sone, — and in His only begotten Son,
Born of þi silf bifor al þing,
Oure lord ihesus, þe secunde persoone, — Jesus Christ,
8 Bothe oo god in heuen beinge. — one with God,

¶ þe same god þat euere haþ ben,
And siþen conceyued bi þe holi goost, — conceivd by the Holy Ghost, and
And born of a mayden cleene, — born of a pure virgin,
12 Bicause a man in meekenes moost. [Page 40.]

¶ And riȝt as in þe trynyte
Ben persoones þre, substauncis but oon, — (of three substances, God, soul,
Riȝt so in þee ben substauncis þre, — body)
16 God, soule, bodi, & al oon persoone.

43480

who sufferd under Pontius Pilate,

¶ Undir pilate þou suffridist' peyne
Bi fre wil, mankinde to saue,

was crucified,

Nailid on a croos, & þeron slain,

and buried,

And taken doun & biried in graue.

descended into hell,

¶ In soule oonli þou wente to helle,
& took þens þi part', it' was good riȝt',

but rose again the third day,

But' up þou roos in fleisch and in felle
þe þrid day bi godli myȝt'.

ascended into heaven,

¶ þou stiȝ to heuen in þi manhede,
*And* þere þou sittist' on þi fadir riȝt' side,

But' ouer al-where is þi godhede,

þere is noon þat' from þee him may hide.

whence He shall come to judge both quick and dead.

¶ þens schalt' þou come us alle to deeme,
Boþe quik and dede of adams seed.

With opene woundis & visage breme;

þis bileeue makiþ true men drede.

[1 Page 41.] I believe in the Holy Ghost,

¶ I bileeue in þe holi [1]goost',
þe þridde persoone in trynyte,

Of which þre noon is more ne moost',

But' al oon god in persoones þre.

who makes Holy Church, by faithful men giving each to other what each can,

¶ þe holi goost' makiþ holi chirche
Of feiþful men, bi comynynge

Ech oon to oþir what þei kunne worche

In holines and good lyuyng'.

I believe in the Forgiveness of Sins (through the Sacrament),

¶ Forȝeeuenes y bileeue of synne
Bi þe holi goost' and þe sacrament',

If y maye goostli to hem wynne,

Or ellis him silfe is euere present'.

¶ þouȝ he neuere so present' be,
ȝit' he wole for ful meekenes

þat' y do *per*-to þat' is in me,
Lest' contempt' lette me of forȝeuenes.

¶ Also y bileeue in hool mynde,
þe holi goost' schalle knytte aȝen
þe soule to þe fleische of al mankinde;
For al fleish schal ryse þat' deeþ hath slayn.

and that the Holy Ghost shall knit again all men's souls to their flesh on their resurrection,

¶ þe holi goost' schal ȝeue also
Eue*r*lastynge lijf to alle true me*n*.
þat we may heere serue þe*r*-to,
¶ Y rede we seie alle, amen.

and shall give everlasting life to all true men.

[*The Sixteen Points of Charity*, or "Man, among þi myrþis," printed p. 114, below, follows here in the MS.]

# The Ten Commandments.

[*Lambeth MS.* 853, *ab.* 1430 A.D., *page* 47 ; *written without breaks.*]

Every one should teach his children these, and keep them himself.

EUery man schulde teche þis lore
To hise children *with* good entent',
And do it him-silf euermore,
To kepe weel goddis comau*n*dement'.

I. Have no false gods. Worship God Almighty.

¶ Fals goddis þou schalt' noo*n* haue,
But' worschipe god omnipotent';
Make not' þi god þat' man haþ graue:
þis is þe firste comau*n*dement'.

II. Take not God's name in vain.

Swear by no created thing.

¶ Goddis name in ydil take þou not',
For if þou do þou schalt' be scheent';
Swere bi no þing' þat' god haþ wrouȝt':
þis is þe secu*n*de comau*n*dement'.

III. Hallow the Holy Day.

¶ Haue mynde to helewe þin holi day,
þou & alle þine *with* good entent';
Leue seruile werkis & nyce aray:
þis is þe þridde comau*n*dement'.

IV. Honour thy Father and Mother.

[1 Page 41.]

¶ Worschipe þi fadir & þi modir boþe,—
þat' longe lijf to þee be lent',—
*With* meete [1]and drink, cou*m*fort' & cloþe:
þis is þe iiij^e^ comau*n*dement'.

V. Kill no man,

¶ Sle no man *with* yuel wille,
Ensaumple, or tunge, or strokis dent';

But euermore do good for ille : but do good for ill.
þis is þe fifthe comaundement.

¶ Do no leccherie in al þi lijf ; VI. Commit not adultery or fornication.
Lete fleischeli knowynge from þee be lent
Saue oonli bi-twene man & wijf :
þis is þe sixte comaundement.

¶ þou schalt not stele no maner of þing, VII. Steal not.
Ne helpe þerto bi no consent.
Leue alle fals mesuris & al gilinge : Use no deceit.
þis is þe .vij. comaundement.

¶ þou schalt beere no fals witnes VIII. Bear no false witness.
For no mater þat may be ment ;
Seie euere þe soþe, or holde þi pees :
þis is þe .viij. comaundement.

¶ þou schalt not coueite þi neiȝboris good, IX. Covet not thy neighbour's goods.
As hous, lond, catel, ne rent,
In hindringe of him & of his blood :
þis is þe .ix. comaundement.

¶ þou schalt not desire þi neiȝboris feere, X. Covet not thy neighbour's wife; take not his servant or goods falsely. [1 Page 49.]
Ne falsli his seruaunt from him hent,
Ne no good þat [1]he hath heere :
þis is þe .x. comaundement.

¶ þese ten to kepe, þou ȝeue us grace Christ, give us grace to keep these Ten,
þat on þe roode was al to-rent,
In-to his blis þat we mowe passe that we may pass to bliss.
At þe laste day of Iugement.

["I Warne eche lijf," p. 107, &c., of this print, follows here in the MS.]

# Kepe Wel Cristes Comaundement.

[*Vernon MS., ab.* 1370 A.D., *fol.* 408 *b., col.* 1. *Printed here for comparison' sake, with the metrical points, but no stops.*]

I warne vche leod. þat liueþ in londe.
And do hem dredles. out of were.
þat þei most studie. and vnderstonde.
þe lawe of crist. to loue and lere.
þer nis no mon. fer ne nere.
þat may him seluen. saue vn schent.
But he þat casteþ. wiþ concience clere.
To kepe. wel. Cristes Comaundement.

þow most haue o God. and no mo.
And serue him boþe. with mayn and miht.
And ouer alle þinges. loue him also.
For he haþ lant þe lyf and liht.
ȝif þou beo nuyȝed. day or niht.
In peyne be meke. and pacient.
And rule þe ay. be reson riht.
And kep wel. Cristes Comaundement.

¶ And let þi neiȝhebor. frend and fo.
Riht frely. of þi frendschupe fele.
In herte. þat þou wilne hem so.
Riht as þou woldest. þi self weore wele.
And help to sauen hem. from vncele.
So þat heore soules. beo not schent.
And also heore care. þou helpe to kele.
And kepe wel. Cristes comaundement.

# Kepe Weel Cristis Comaundement.

[*Lambeth MS.* 853, *ab.* 1430 A.D., *page* 49; *written without breaks.*]

I Warne eche lijf þat liueþ in lond
And do him dredlees out of were,
Every man must take care to love the Law of God.
þat he must studie & vndirstonde
þe lawe of god to loue & lere.
¶ For þere is no man feer ne neer
þat may him sillfe saue vnschent
Only he can be savd who gives himself to keep Christ's Commandments.
But he þat castiþ him *with* conscience clere
To kepe weel cristis comaundement.

Thou schalt haue oon god & no mo,
I. Thou shalt have one God,
And serue him boþe wiþ mayn & myȝt,
And ouer al þing loue him also,
and love Him above everything.
For he haþ lent þee lijf & liȝt.
¶ If þou be noied bi day or nyȝt,
In peyne be meeke & pacient,
Be patient in suffering.
*And* rewle þee ay bi resoun riȝt,
And kepe weel cristis comaundement.

Lete þi neiȝe-[1]boris, boþe freend & fo,
[1 Page 50.]
Freli of þi freendschip feele;
Love thy neighbour as thyself;
In herte wilne þou hem also
Riȝt as þou woldist þi silf were wele.
¶ Helpe to saue hem from vnsele
and help to save him from all ill.
So þat her soulis ben not schent,
And her care þou helpe to kele,
And kepe weel cristis comaundement.

¶ In Idel. Godes nome tak þou nouȝt.
But cese. and saue þe from þat synne.
Swere bi no þing. þat God haþ wrouht.
Be war. his wraþþe. lest þou hit wynne.
But bisy þe her. bale to blynne.
þat blaberyng are wiþ oþes blent.
Vncouþe *and* knowen. *and* of þi kynne.
And kep wel. cristes comaun*dement*.

¶ In clannes and in cristes werk.
Haue mynde. to holden þin haly day.
And drauh þe þenne. fro*m* dedes derk.
Wiþ al þi meyne. Mon and may.
And men vnsauȝte. loke þou assay.
To sauȝte*n* hem þenne. at on assent.
And pore and seke. þou plese *and* pay.
And kepe wel cristes Comaun*dement*.

¶ þi Fader þi Moder. þou worschupe boþe.
ȝif þou wolt boteles. bale escheuwe.
W*ith* coun*seil* cu*m*-forte hem. w*ith* mete *and* cloþe.
As þou sest. hem neodeþ newe.
And ȝif þei talke of tales vn-trewe.
þou torn hem out. of þat entent.
And cristes lawe. help þat þei knewe.
And kep wel cristes. Comaun*dement*.

¶ Sle no mon. wiþ wikked wille.
Be war. and vengeaun*ce* tak þou non.
In word. ne dede. loude. ne stille.
Bakbyte þou no mon. blod ny bon.
But ay let gabbynges. glyde and gon.
A-wey wher þei wol. glace. or glent.
And help þat alle men ben aton.
And kep wel cristes comaun*dement*.

Goddis name in ydil take þou nouȝt', — II. Take not God's name in vain.
But' ceesse & saue þee from þat' synne;
Swere bi no þing' þat' god haþ wrouȝt', — Swear by no thing that God has made,
Be waar his wraþþe lest' þou so wynne.
¶ But' bisie þee euere her bale to blinne — but keep from the bale of blabbering oath-swearers.
þat' wiþ blaberinge ooþis ben blent',
Vncouþe & knowen of þi kynne;
And kepe weel cristis comaundement.

In clennes and in cristis werk — III. Hallow thy Holy Day, with
Haue mynde to halowe þin holi daye,
*And* drawe þee þanne from dedis derk
Wiþ al þi meyne, man & may. — all thy household.
¶ Men vnsoft', loke þou asay — Try to soften unsoft men,
To soften [1]them to good assent', — [1 Page 51.] and to help the poor and sick.
Helpe poore and sike to please & pay,
And kepe weel cristis comaundement'.

Þi fadir & modir worschipe boþe— — IV. Honour thy Father and Mother with
If þou wolt' botelees bale eschewe—
*With* councelle, comforte, meete & cloþe, — counsel, food, and clothes.
As þou seest' þat' hem nediþ newe.
¶ And if þei talke of wordis vntrewe, — Turn them from untrue words, and help them to know Christ's law.
þou turne hem out' of þat' entent',
And cristis lawe helpe þat' þei knew,
And kepe weel cristis comaundement'.

Sle no man *with* wickid wille; — V. Slay no man: take no vengeance.
Be waar, of veniaunce take þou noon;
Eerli ne late, lowde ne stille,
Bacbite no man, blood ne boon, — Backbite no one,
¶ But' lete euere gabbing' glide & goon — but let gabbing go by.
Away, wheþer it' wole glase or glent';
And helpe þat' alle men were at' oone, — Help on peace.
And kepe weel cristis comaundement'.

¶ Stele þou nouȝt. þi neiȝebors þing.
Nouþur wiþ stillenes. ne wiþ strif.
Nor *with* no maner. wrong getyng.
þi self þi seruaun*t*. child. ne wyf.
To sulle *and* buye. ȝif þou be ryf.
Wayte al way. þat wrong be went.
As þou wolt lyue. þe lastyng lyf.
þou kepe wel. cristes comaun*d*ement.

[Col. 2.]

Fals witnesse. loke þow non bere.
ȝif þow wolt. in blisse a-byde.
þi neiȝebore. wityngly to dere.
Ne no mon nouþer. in no syde.
But loke þat no mon. be a nuyȝed.
And þou may him. from harmes he*n*t.
And help þat falshede. beo distruiet.
And kep wel. cristes comaun*d*ement.

¶ Sunge þou not. in lecherie.
Such lust vn leueful. let hit pas.
Consente þou not. to such folye.
þat foun*d*en is so foul trespas.
And loke. *þat* nouþer more ne las.
þi lykyng. on þat lust be lent.
Leste þou synge. þis songe allas.
For brekyng. of cristes comaun*d*eme*n*t.

¶ þi neiȝhebors wyf. coueyte þou nouȝt.
Vnleuefully. a-ȝeynes þe lawe.
Wiþ hire to sunge. in word ne þouȝt.
And from þat deede. eu*er* þou þe drawe.
And neuer sey. to hire no sawe.
To make hire. to synne assent.
Ne plese hire not. *with* no mis plawe.
But kep wel. cristes comaun*d*eme*n*t.

**S**ynne þou not' in leccherie; — VI. Sin not in Lechery and unlawful lust;
Such lust' vnleefful, lete it' passe ·
Consente þou not' to þat' folie
þat' founden it' is so [1]foule a trespase. — [1 Page 52.]
¶ And loke þou, neiþer more ne lasse — set not thy liking on it
þi likinge on þat' lust' be lent',
Lest' þou singe þis song' 'alas — lest thou repent it.
For þrekinge of *cri*stis comaun*de*ment'.'

**S**tele þou nouȝt' of þi neiȝboris þing' — VII. Steal nothing of thy neighbour's.
Neiþer wiþ stilnes ne *with* strijf,
Ne *with* no maner of wrong' geetynge,
þi silf, þi seruaunt', child, ne wijf.
¶ To bie & sille if þou be rijfe, — Cheat not in buying and selling.
Loke eu*er*e þat' wrong' away be went':
If þou wolt' han eu*er*lastinge lijf,
Kepe weel *cri*stis comaun*de*ment'.

**F**als witnes, loke þat' þou noon bare; — VIII. Bear no false witness.
If þou wolt' in blis a-bide,
þi neiȝbore wilfulli þou ne dere, — Injure not thy neighbour,
Ne noon þat' woneþ þee biside;
¶ But' loke þat' no man be anoied — but keep every one from harm.
If þou may hi*m* from harmes hent',
And helpe þat' falshede were distroied, — Help to destroy falsehood.
*And* kepe weel cristis comaundement'.

**Þ**i neiȝboris wijf, coueite þou nouȝt' — IX. Covet not thy neighbour's wife, [Page 53.]
Vnleeffulli, aȝens þe lawe,
Wiþ hir to sy*n*ne in dede or þouȝt',
But' fro*m* þe dede eu*er*e þou drawe,
¶ And ceesse, & seie to hir no sawe — and say and do nothing to make her assent to sin.
To make hir for to sy*n*ne assent',
Ne please hir not' *with* no nyce plawe,
But' kepe weel cristis comaundement'.

¶ þi neiȝhebors hous. wenche ne knaue.
Vnskilfully. coueyte þou nouht.
Ne ȝit his good. *with* wrong to haue.
For hit. lest þou to bale be brouht.
For whon þe soþe. schal vp be souht.
ȝif þou in to þis sunnes assent.
Ful bitterly. hit mot be bouȝt.
For brekyng of cristes. Comaundement.

¶ Vche mon þat wol. þis lessun lere.
And loueþ. a laweful lyf. to lede.
He may not misse. on none manere.
þe merþe of heuene. to his mede.
For crist him here. wol helpe *and* hede.
And heþene. in to heuene hent.
For-þi I. preye. þat crist vs spede.
Kuyndely to kepe. his comaundement.

Thi neiȝboris hous, wenche, ne knawe,
Vnleeffulli coueite þou nouȝt,
Ne oþir good, wrongli to haue,
Lestis þou for it to bale be brouȝt.
¶ For whanne þe sooþe schal be up souȝt,
If þou to þis synne assentis,
Ful bittirli it schal be bouȝt
For brekinge of cristis comaundementis.

Covet not thy neighbour's house, maid, or man,
for at the Last Day thou shalt pay bitterly for it.

Ech man þatis wole þis lessoun lere,
And loueþ a lawful lijf to lede,
He ne may mys on no manere
þe myrþis of heuen to haue to meede;
¶ For cristis wole him heere helpe atis nede,
For from hens to heuene he wole him hent,
For-þi praie we þatis cristis us spede
Kindeli to kepe his comaundementis. Amen.

No man who learns this lesson can miss the joys of Heaven,
for Christ will take him there. Let us pray Him that we may keep His Commandments.

["There is no creatour but oon," printed pp. 18-21, follows here in the MS.]

# The Sixtene Poyntis of Charite.

[*Lambeth MS.* 853, *ab.* 1430 A.D., *page* 42; *written without breaks, except lines* 6-12, 21-4.]

Man, remember whence thou camest, and whither thou goest,

MAn, among' þi myrþis haue in mynde
From whens þou come & whidir þou teendis,
How freeli þou fallist' & filist' þi kinde!
Arise & make of[1] þi mys ameendis,
¶ þat' of þis world whanne þou out' wendis,
þou maist' in heuene þi lord god se
Among' hise apostolis & dere freendis
As a chosen child in charitee.

and that hereafter thou may'st see thy Lord as His chosen child in Charity.

Man's highest task is to live a just life.

The hiȝest' lessoun þat' man may lere
Is to lyue iust' lijf, if þou wolt' loke,
Yf þou haue grace to holde & heere,
Is playnli printid in poulis booke.
¶ For god to poul þis lessoun tooke
in þe þridde heuen, hiȝest' of þre,
Euery man to cunne & looke
þe sixtene propirtees of charitee.

God told St. Paul in the third

heaven the 16 points of Charity.

'Thouȝ y speke,' seiþ seint' poule,
'As aungils doon, or with mennis tunge,
If charite be not' in þi soule,
I am but' as a brasen symbal songe.
¶ And þouȝ my bileeue be neuere so strong'
So þat' mounteyns be meued bi feiþ of me,
I am not' worthi to god so longe
As me wantiþ charite.

Though I speak with angels' tongues, and have not Charity, I am but as a brazen cymbal.

[Page 43] And though I can move mountains,

I am worthless if I want Charity.

[1] *of* in margin.

Thouȝ y to poore men ȝeue al my good,
And my bodi to brẽne þer̃e hoot' fier ys,
*And* charite be not' in my mood,
It' profitiþ me not' to heuen blis.'
¶ But' for god wolde it' schulde not' mys
To knowe in charite whanne we be,
He tauȝte poul to teche al his
þe .xvj. Poyntis of charite.

And though I give my body to be burnt, and have not Charity, it profits nothing.

God told Paul to teach his disciples the 16 points of Charity.

'Charite,' he seiþ, 'is pacient',
Alle disesis meekli suffringe,
Benigne also in hir entent',
Kindelid w*ith* fier of good lyuyng';
¶ Neuer̃e enuyose for ony þing'
To freend ne foo, wheþir it' be,
But' euer̃e glad to goddis plesing'
To cherische alle men in charitee.

1. Charity is patient, and

2. Benign,

3. Never envious,

Charite dooþ neuer̃e wickidli
Bi purpos of wil, ne wickid dede,
Ne blowen [1]is w*ith* pride þouȝ sche be welþi,
For to greue god is hir moost' drede;
¶ For in helle depe schal be her meede,
A low wiþ lucifir for to be
þat' for blynde pride wole take noon hede
lowli to lyue in charite.

4. Never does wickedly,

[1] [Page 44.]

5. Is not puffed up with pride,

Charite is not' coueitose toold
Of worschipe ne of wronge wynnynge,
For wiþ ypocritis sche may not' holde,
Ne consente w*ith* wrong' getyng'.
¶ Sche sechiþ not' hir owne þing'
For hindringe of neiȝboris þat' myȝte be,
For manye perels ben in pletynge
þat' acorden not' w*ith* charitee.

6. Desires no honour or wrong gains,

7. Seeketh not her own,

8. Is not easily provoked,

Charite wole no þing' be wrooþ
For harmes þat' hir silf may hent',
But' for to synne, al oonli is hir looþ,
Azens goddis comaundement'.

9. Thinketh no evil,

¶ Charitee þenkiþ noon yuel in hir entent',
But' stintiþ strijf, & stoondiþ free;
Al yuel wil, it' wolde were went',
And chaungid al for charite.

[Page 45.]

10. Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but

Of wickidnes charite is not' glad,
Bi lauzter ne bi no likinge,
But' euere sobre, soft', & sad,
In þouzt', in word, & in worching'.

11. Rejoiceth in the truth.

¶ To rizt' & troupe is her ioiyng',
To maynteine truþe where-euere sche be,
With feiþful and true folk Is hir dwelling,
For suche ben chosen in charite.

12. Charity beareth all things,

Alle þingis sche beriþ vp meekeli,
For al hir wronge schal turne to game;
Sche falliþ not' vnder for vilonye,
For los, for sijknes, ne for schame.

13. Believeth all things,

¶ Alle þingis sche trowiþ wiþ-out' fame
þat' goddis lawe techiþ truþe to be,
And bidiþ þerbi for ony blame,
For suche ben children of charitee.

14. Hopeth all things,

Alle þingis sche hopiþ to haue in blis;
For suche sche suffriþ & serueþ heere;
For of mercy sche may not' mys
þat' þis lesson wole loue & lere.

15. Endureth all things.

¶ Sche abidiþ alle þingis with good chere
þouz sche þinke longe þo eende to se,
For of reward sche haþ [1]no were
þat' þus abidiþ in charite.

[1 Page 46.]

Charite falliþ neuere a-way — 16. Charity never faileth.
From him þat it in charite wole holde,
Bifore ne aftir domys day,
But encressiþ in blis an hundrid folde.
¶ Whanne al tresour is tried & tolde, — All help to bliss is in these three: Faith, Hope, Charity: and the greatest of these is Charity.
Al help to blis is in þese þre,
Feiþ, hope, & charite, noþing colde;
þe mooste of hem is charite.'

Bi charite, man, þou must loue more — It makes thee love God above thyself,
God þan silf, þe sooþ to say,
For þis is þe lord-is owne lore,
With al þi power him please & pay;
¶ Thi neiȝbore also, wiþ-oute nay, — and thy neighbour as thyself.
Loue as þi silf saaf to bee;
To freend & fo holde faste þi fay,
And chaunge þou neuere fro charite.

If we þis lessoun we loue & leere, — If we learn this lesson, we shall know who will be blest and who punisht.
And take it truli to oure entent,
We schulen haue knowinge good & cleere
Who ben blamelees & who ben schent.
God, þat hast us oure lijf lent,
Graunte þat we may oure [1]silf to enserche & se, — [1 Page 47.] God grant that Christ may choose us, for His love.
As þou for us on roode were rent,
þou chese us to þee for charite. A-M-E-N.

["Euery man schulde teche bis lore," printed pp. 104-5, follows here in the MS.]

# Quindecim Signa ante diem Judicij.

[*MS. B.* 11. 24, *Trinity College, Cambridge; ab.* 1450, A.D.]

Lord of Heaven,

Kynge of grace, & ful of pyte,
Lord of heuyn, I-blyssyd þou be!

have mercy on us!

Haue mercy on vs, we the beseche,
Or we lese our wytt & speche!

I will tell of the xv. Signs before Doomsday.

xv. tokenys telle I may
That shal come before doomys day,
As it is seyde yn the *pro*phecye,
In the book of Jeremye.
Herkenyth now þe tokeny*n*ge
That þe firste day shal bry*n*ge:

I. Rain shall fall, bitter as gall,

Fro heuy*n* shal a rayne falle,
Hit shal be byttyr as eny galle,

red as blood,

Hytt shall be as red as any blod,
Ouyr all þe worlle a grymly flod;

and overwhelm the whole world,

Hytt schalle ou*er*go wyth large mett
Alle that ys in erth I-sett:

and terrify children unborn.

The chylderyn vn-borñ Aferd shall be
Of thys tokenynge, as I telle the,
And meue hem tyll our Syth
Ryth as þey speke myth.
The secunde day ys stronge w*ith* alle:

II. The Stars shall fall from heaven.

The sterrys shal fro heuyn falle,
So dredfulle and so breyth
As the fyre off þe dondyr lyth.

Men schalle say, " welle-away !
Thys ben the tokenys off domys day ! "
They schall cry & syke sore,
And say, " lord, mercy, thyn ore[1] ! " [1 MS. thynore]
The iij^de^ day ys off syche : III. The Sun
In erthe and in heuyn-ryche
The hye son thatt ys so bryth,
So fayr, and so full off lyth,
Hitt shalle be swarte as any pyche : shall turn black as pitch.
Alle thatt shall be rewlyche.
Men schalle þen sone se
Att mydday hytt shalle swarte be ;
All thatt ben on lyve
Schalle thys wordys dryve,
" Alas thatt we scholle Abyde
To se þis sorowe in Euery syde ! "
The iiij^te^ day ys swythe longe, IV. Everything
With wepynge & wyth sorow Amonge :
All þat in erthe stonde on earth shall turn into red
Schall to red blod wende ; blood
They schalle drawe hem to þe grownde,
Ther schalle they dwelle butt no stownde,
To the see þey schalle for drede, and flee to the sea.
Ryth as moyses the prophytt sayde,
Thatt the mone schalle rewly falle The Moon shall fall from heaven.
And wynd outt of hys reche stalle.
The man schalle say to hys wyff
" Alas þatt we be nowe Alyve ! "
The v^te^ day comyth swythe ; V. All beasts shall hold up their
For euery best þatt ys on lyve, heads towards heaven.
Toward heuyn her hedd schall holde.
For thatt wonþer As y yowe tollde,
Men schalle say, " lord, thyn ore Men shall pray God mercy,
Off our sorowe & off our sore ! "
Thys tellyth the prophecy
In þe booke of Jeromy.

Welle we schalle vndyrstonde
Thatt cristyndom hatt vnperfonge.
and ask Christ to bring them to bliss. "Thatt day, Ihesus to vs se
64 As þou[1] vs bowtyst vppon a tre,
Thatt we may com to þy blysse
Lord, when þy wille ys!"
[1 Omitted, and inserted in Margin.]
VI. The Trees shall turn upside down, The vj day schall down Falle
68 The treys with þe croppys alle,
And toward þe erthe the croppys schalle be.
For fere the man schalle lese hys wyff,
and children shall die. The wyff her chyld, þe chylld his lyff;
72 Alle thatt leve schall lese herè wytte;
Wo they be thatt schalle a-byde hytte,
Bettyr they were to be oute off lyve
Than soche payne for to dryve.
VII. All castles shall fall down. [2 MS. *down*] 76 The vij day schalle fall down
Chyrche and castelle and euery town[2];
The hills shall be lowerd, and fill up the valleys, All schall to-breke; and euery hylle
Shalle lowe, valeys For to Fylle;
80 The erthe schalle [be] shene and clene;
so that all the earth shall be even. In þis worlle alle schalle be evyn;
Than schalle þe worlle evyn be:
Wo ys he þat thatt schalle se!
VIII. A day of dread. 84 The viij day ys a day off drede,
Ryth as moyses þe prophytt seyde
The Sea will rise and flee, Thatt the see woll ryse & fle,
Thatt euery best aferd schall be;
88 Than for drede hytt woll ryse & flowe
With wawys grete, & stormys towe:
and be driven up to the clouds by the wind. Thorowe the strength off þe wynd
Into the Welken hitt schall slynge;
All living 92 All thatt leuyth þatt day
will wish to be hid under the earth. Wold fle away, but þey ne may;
Vndyr erthe I-hydd they wold be
Thatt Ihesu cryst scholl nott hem Ase.
96 Then wolle the see wytdrawe,

And wend to hys owyn hawe.
Godd of heuyn, *þat* best may,
Haue m*er*cy on vs vppon *þatt* day!
The ix day, wondyr hytt ys, — IX. As the prophecy tells,
As the p*ro*phecy tellyth hytt I-wys:
Thatt all *þ*ynge schall speke *þ*an, — all things on earth shall speak with the voice of man and bemoan themselves.
And cry in erthe aftyr *þe* steuyn off man,
And be-mone he*m* self in owr sy3th
Ryth as *þey* speke myth.
Lord Ihesu, thy myth *þ*ou fullfelle!
We be sorry *þatt* we dede agayn *þi* wille
Or *with* towyth or *with* dede.
Lord Ihesu! brenge vs oute of *þis* drede — Jesu, bring us from this dread to rest, with Thee!
Thatt we may com to rest!
Ther bale ys most, & bote ys nexte.
The .x. day ys day of wëlaway — X. A day of lamentation.
As gregory sayth, and Jeromy:
Than schalle knele *þe* angelys bryth — The Angels shall kneel before God.
Before *þe* face of godd allmyth.
Seynt pe*ter*, no*þer* his felow-redde, — Peter and his companions shall not dare to speak.
Dar nott speke A word for drede;
They schalle se heuyn vngo,[1] — Heaven and earth shall perish.
And *þe* erthe schall Also,
They schalle schryke & crye lome — [1 O.H.G. *intgân*, to perish.—Bradley.]
For *þe* drede of *þe* grett dome.
Develyn schall com oute off helle — Devils shall come out of hell,
As seynt Joh*a*n doyth vs tell,
They schalle kry, "lord, thyn ore — and pray God to
Off our sorowe & of our sore!
Lett vs to heuyn com! — let them come back into heaven.
Longe *þ*ou hast hytt vs be-nome
For our gylt, and our mysdede,
And for our awyn wykkyd rede!"
Thys ys a day of moche sorowe;
A strongyr comyth on the morrowe,
The xi day comyth lyche, — XI. Great storms

shall rage; With stronge stormys sykyrlyche,
all rocks and stones shall clash together, And alle the stonys moche & lyte
Scholle to-gedyr sore smyte;
and all the world split asunder. Alle the worlle schalle to-dryve;
Wo be þey þatt ben on lyve!
The Rainbow shall be twisted, The rayn bowe Iwryyd schalle be,
Grymlyche In syȝth for to see.
and the Devils shall run back to hell. Than the deuelyn schalle swyde ren,
And for fere to helle torn;
God wille say, "ther schull ye be,
[1 ? war be] Ther schall ye wone & be war[1]:"
God grownte so to be-tyde
Thatt we may be on bettyr syde!
XII. This day is dreadful. The xij day ys dredfulle than;
For than was neuer schappe of man
That wolle þatt god dyd hym ryth,
Yff he dyrst, & most of myth.
Angels shall fall Angelys thatt hym seruyn alle,
Scholl for vs vppon kneys falle,
at God's feet for us. To goddys feett for our syn;
And for the loue of all man kyn.
Lord, be merciful! Lord we be-seche the
In þi mercy for to be!
XIII. Of this day Dredfully comyth the xiij day
To all þatt Abyde hytt may.
Fro the begynnynge of Adamys com
Tylle the end of þe day of doome,
no one can tell half the sorrow. Ne myth no man in booke rede
Half the sorow, noþer half þe drede,
That god schalle say than
When he comyth down yn schappe of man;
All the stones on earth For alle the stonys grett and smale
Thatt byth in erthe withoutyn tale,
shall drive against one another All they schalle to-gedyr drynge,
And euerychon to oþer dynge;
They schall ryse & grynd so

Thatt þe fyr fro hem schalle go; — so that fire shall fly from them
They schall bren also bryth
As þe fyr of þe dondyr lyth. — like lightning.

The xiiij day ys A day of sorowe; — XIV. Fire shall come in the morning, and burn up every thing on earth till the evening.
Stronge fyr schalle com on þe morow,
Ther schalle nothyng in þys worlle leve
Butt schalle bren to morow tyll eve.

Thys passyth nott swythe sone;
On the morow ys þe day of doome.

The xv day comyth swythe: — XV. The Day of Doom.
For eu*e*ry man þ*at* was on lyve — All men that have livd since Adam's time,
Fro Adamys tyme, the fyrst man,
Alle to the dome schalle com than,
Eu*e*ry man of xxx$^{ti}$ wynt*er* olde, — every one, made 30 years old,
All schall com þe dome to be-holde; — shall come
Eu*e*ry man schalle o þ*er*e mẽte
Att the mownte of olevett. — to Mount Olivet.
Two angelys schall blowe her bemys; — Two angels shall blow their trumpets,
The folke schall com alle attonys.
Fulle sore than they may Agryse
Whan they shulle to þe dome aryse;
Two angelys schall com be-forne — two shall bring the scourges that beat Christ, and the Crown of Thorns,
W*ith* þe scorg*es*, and w*ith* the crowne of thorn,
W*ith* drewry cher and sory mode,
As hytt on hys hedd stode; — as it stood on His head, with the spear,
And the sper al so scharpe
As hytt stod on hys hertt. — as it stood on His heart.
For no enuy, ne for no pryde, — (Longeus, the soldier, did not pierce Christ from envy or pride, but
Longeus hym stonge dorow þe syde:
Longeus then styll stode,
On hys fyngorys ran þe blod,
He strokyd ther-w*ith* hys eyn ryth, — put Christ's blood on his eyes, and they became as clear as candle-light.
They be-coom as cler as candyll3th.
"Kynge and lord full of pyte, — 'Piteous Lord, forgive me, who pierst Thee, my guilt!')
Thys mys-gylt þou for-yeue me!
I dyd hyt for non evyll dede,

Nojper for no covetyse of mede."
Angels shall bring the Cross and bloody Nails.
Angelys schall brenge þe rode bryth,
With blody naylys precyous of syth.
Then Christ, sad, shall come,
Then comyth our lord with drewry mode,
Wyth armys I-spred all on blod:
and say, "Man, see what I sufferd for thee!
"Man, now þe soth þou mayst I-se,
Whatt I sufferd her for the.
Thys passyon I sufferd her for þe:
I was crownd with thorns.
I-cronyd I was with thornys of a tre;
Thys was to the leff for to swere
And thou lovedst to swear by My eyes, hair, and pains,
Be my eyn & be myn here,
And be my paynys that wher stronge.
Man, hytt was þe fulle ryve
My five wounds,
To swere be my wowndys fyve,
teeth, tongue,
Be my tethe And my tonge,
heart, lungs,
Be my hertt and be my longe,
Hytt thowyth the fulle grett pryde
side, brains and head,
For to swere be my syde,
[1 ? *heved*]
Be my brayne & be my hedd;[1]
nay, My soul.
be my sowle I was ofte be-revyd.
Such shame thou didst Me!
Man, hytt was full grett dyspyte
So offte to make me edwyte!
Thou wouldst not feed or help Me.
Thou woldyst nott clothe me, ne fede,
Thou woldyst nott helpe me att my nede!
What hast thou sufferd for Me?" Then comes Our Lady, weeping
Man offte þou hast for-sworn me!
Man what sufferst þou for me?"
Than comyth our lady hem be-fore—
tears of blood,
In blyssyd tyme was she I-bore—
With terys rennynge alle on blodd,
Sore wepynge with drewry modd;
and saying,
"Fadyr, & son, and holygost,
"King and Lord, my sweet Son,
Kynge and lord as þou wost,
[2 *thee*]
My swete son, I praye de[2]
grant me to-day my prayer! Lose not Thy handiwork
My bone to day þou grawnt me!
Thy honde warke þat þou hast wrowyth,
My dere son, for-lese hem nowhte!

Thou bowst hem wyth þy blodd — bought with Thy blood!
And *with* þy flessch vppon þe rode;
My swete son, I *pray* the — I pray Thee,
For all mankynd þat I may be; — grant all men Thy bliss;
Graw[n]te hem þy swete blysse,
None of hem þatt þou ne mysse." — miss none!"
"Modyr, thy wille I-fullfyllyd shall be, — "Mother, thy will shall be done.
Thy bone to day I grawnt hytt þe;
The goode y wille lese nowth, — I will not lose the good.
My hondwerke that I haue wrowth.
Thys þatt wallde nott *ser*ue me, — Those who would not serve Me
My blysse schalle they neu*er*e se,
Into payne they schalle wende, — shall go to everlasting torment.
To haue[1] hytt eu*er*e *with*outyn ende. — [1 *haue* repeated in MS.]
My chyldryn þat haue *ser*uyd me, — My children, who have servd Me,
In my blysse they schall eu*er*e be;
Ye scholl com *with* me to heuyn — shall come with Me to heaven."
*With* angelys songe and mery steuyn.
And he clepyth hym be-fore,—
In blyssyd tyme wer they I-bore,—
He spekyth to he*m* myldelyche,
'Comyth *with* me to my kyngdome ryche.'"
Lord we be-seche þe — Lord, grant us to see Thy bliss
Thy swete blysse þatt we mott se; — when we die!
When we com to oure lyvys ende,
Into thy blysse þat we mot wende,
And grawnt vs thatt hytt so be!
Amen, Amen, lord, For charite! — Amen!

[For the meaning of l. 182, see Hampole's *Pricke of Conscience*, ed. Morris, 1863, p. 135, ll. 4983-90:

Þan sal alle ryse in þe same eld þan
Þat God had fully here als man . . . .
Þan was he of threty yhere elde, and twa,
And of thre mouethes þar-with alswa;
In þat elde alle sal ryse at the last
When þai here þe grete bemes blast.]

[For *dorow* through, l. 197, and *de* thee, l. 237, compare *The English Conquest of Ireland*, E. E. T. Soc.]

# Who can not Wepe, com lerne of me.

(THE VIRGIN'S SONG OVER HER DEAD SON.)

[*MS. O.* 9. 38, *Trin. Coll. Cambridge. Written mostly as prose.*]

Sodenly A-frayd, halfe wakynge, halfe slepyng,
A woman fair sat weeping — and gretly dysmayd, A woman sate wepyng,
*With* fauour in here face far passynge my reson;
And of here sore wepyng *þis* was þe encheson:
over her dead son lying in her lap, — Here sone yn here lappe layd, sche seyd, sleyn by treson:
yf wepyng myȝt rype be, *hit* semyd then yn seson.
lamenting how Jesus was robbed of His life, — Ihe*sus*, so sche sobbed,
so here sone was bobbed
And of hys lyue robbed;
saying, "Who cannot weep, come learn of me." — Seynge thys wordys as y sey the,
"Who can not wepe, com lerne of me."
"I cannot weep." — y seyd y cowde not wepe, y was so hard hertyd.
Sche answerd me schortly *with* wordys *þat* smartyd,
"Nature shall make thee; — "Lo, nature schall meve þe; þow must be co*n*uertyd,
thy father is dead; — thyn owne fadyr thys nyȝth ys dede:" thys schee twhertyd:
my son is robbed of his life." — "Ihe*sus*, so my sone ys bobbed,
and of hys lyue robbed.
ffor soth then y sobbed

Veryfyyng thys wordys, seyng to the,
Who can not wepe com lerne at me."

"Now, breke hert, y the praye! thys cord lyeth so rulye, "Break, my heart! for my son so foully used.
So betyn, so woundyd, Entretyd so fuly.
What wyȝt may be-hold, and wepe not? none truly, Who could see him and not weep?"
to see my ded dyre sone bledynge, lo, thys newly!"
Euer stylle schee sobbed, So still she sobbed how her son was slain.
So here sone was bobbed,
And of hys lyue robbed.
Newyng these wordys, as y sey the,
"Who can not wepe, com lerne at me."

On me sche cast here yee, and seyd, "see, man, thy brother!"
Sche kyste hym, and seyd, "swete, am y not thy modyr?" She kissed him;
And swonynge schee fylle; ther hyt wold be no nothyr: she swooned;
y not whych more dedlye, the tone or the todyr.
yett sche reuyued, and sobbed and reviving, she sobbed how her
how here sone was bobbed, son was bobbed,
& of hys lyue robbed.
"Who can not wepe," thys ys the lay,
And *with* that wordys schee vanyschyd A-way. and then vanisht away.
ffinis.

# The Death of Archbishop Scrope

(WHO WAS BEHEADED, 8 JUNE, 1405).

[*From MS. R.* 4. 20, *Trin. Coll. Cambridge, on a blank leaf at the end of Lydgate's Siege of Thebes.*]

Wise Bish Scrope is dead,

Hay, hay, hay, hay, thynke oñ Whitsonmonday!
The bysshop Scrope that was so wyse,
Nowe is he dede, and lowe he lyse;

but by Mary's help he may rise to heaven.

To hevyns blys yhit may he ryse,
Thurghe helpe of Marie, that mylde may, hay!

On the hill he took his death right willingly.

Whеñ he was broght vnto the hylle,
He held hym̃ both mylde and stylle;
He toke his deth *with* fulle gode wylle,
As I haue herde fulle trewe men say; hay!

His executioner knelt to him and askt his forgiveness.

He that shulde his dethe be,
He kneled downe vppoñ his kne:
"Lord, your deth, forgyffe it me,
Fulle hertly here to yowe I pray;" hay!

He granted it, begging for five strokes to send him to heaven.

"Here I wylle the commende:
*thou* gyff me fyve strokys *with* thy hende,
And theñ my wayes *thou* latt me wende,
To hevyns blys that lastys ay;" hay!

[Comp. Hall's Chronicle, *Hen. IV.* fol. xxv (ed. 1550). W. A. W.]

EXTRACT FROM *HALLE* AS TO ARCHBISHOP SCROPE'S DEATH, ED. 1542? (HY. ELLIS) FOL. XXV.

# KYNG HENRY THE .IIII.

## ¶ THE SIXT YERE.

IN this yere the Earle of Northumberlande, which bare styll a venemous scorpion in his cankered heart, and coulde not desist to inuent and deuise waies and meanes howe to be reuenged of kyng Henry and his fautours, began secretely to communicate his interior imaginacions and priuie thoughtes with Richard Scrop, Archebishop of Yorke, brother to william lord Scrop, treasorer of England, whome kyng Henry (as you have heard) be headed at the towne of Bristow, and with Thomas Mowberey, erle Marshal, sonne to Thomas duke of Norffolke, for kyng Henries cause before banished the realme of England, and with the lordes, Hastynges, Fauconbridge, Bardolfe, and diverse other whiche he knewe to beare deadely hate and inward grudge toward the kyng. After long consultacion had, it was finally concluded and determined amongest theym, that all they, their frendes and alies, with all their power, should mete at Yorkeswold at a day appointed, and that therle of Northumberland should be chefetaine and supreme gouernour of the armie, which promised to bring with him a great number of Scottes.

The vi yere.

The Earl of Northumberland conspird with

Archbishop Scrope,

Earl Mowbray,

and others against

Henry,

and all agreed to

meet at Yorkeswold on a day appointed.

This sedicious conspiracye was not so secretly kept, nor so closely cloked, but that the kyng therof had knowledge, and was fully aduertised. wherfore to preuent the time of their assembly, he, with suche power as he could sodainly gather together, with all diligence

But before this Henry marcht northwards,

marched toward the North parties, and vsed suche a celeritie in his iourney that he was thither come with all his hoste and power before the confederates hearde any inkelyng of his marchyng forward; and sodainly there wer apprehended the archebishop, the earle Marshall, sir Iohn Lampley, and sir Robart Plumpton. These personnes wer arrained, atteinted, and adiudged to die; and so on the Monday in Whytson weke all they withoute the Citie of Yorke were beheadded.

and apprehended Archbishop Scrope and others,

who were all doomd to die on Whit-Monday

ontside York.

Here of necessitie I ought not, nor will not, forgeate how some foolishe and fantasticall personnes haue wrytten, howe erronius Ippocrites and sedicyous Asses haue endited, howe superstitious Fryers and malycious Monkes haue declared and diuulged—bothe contrary to goddes doctrine, the honoure of their prince, and common knowen veritie—that at the nowre of the execucion of this Bishop (which of the Execucioner desired to haue fiue strokes in remembraunce of the fiue woundes of Christ) the kyng at the same tyme syttyng at diner had .v. strokes in his necke by a person inuisible, & was incontinently striken with a leprey; which is a manifest lye, as you shall after plainely perceiue.

Seditious Asses said that at the Archbishop's execution,

when he askt for 5 *strokes*, remembring *Christ's* 5 *wounds*, King Henry had 5 strokes in the neck;.

which is a lie.

What shall a man say of suche writers whiche toke upon them to knowe the secretes of Goddes iudgement? what shall men thinke of suche beastly persones, whiche, regardyng not their bounden dutie and obeisance to their prynce & souerain Lorde, enuied the punishment of traiters and torment of offenders? But what shall all men coniecture of suche whyche, fauorynge theyr owne worldly dignitie, their owne priuat auctorite, their owne peculiar profit, wyl thus iuggle, raile, and imagine fantasies agaynst their soueraigne lorde and Prince, and put them in memorye as a miracle to his dyshonor and perpetuall infamy? well let wyse men iudge what I haue said.

What shall we think of these beastly persons,

these jugglers and railers?

Let wise men judge.

# GLOSSARY.

Abie, p. 26, l. 130; p. 96, l. 22, pay for, atone for; A.S. *abicgan.*
Abowe, p. 97, l. 69, bow, bend, humble.
Adwiten, p. 70, l. 396, blame, accuse; A.S. *edwítan.*
Aȝenseid, p. 94, l. 100, denied.
Aggregidist', p. 52, l. 346, *aggreger*, to aggravate. Cotgrave.
Agryse, p. 123, l. 188, A.S. *agrysan*, to fear.
Among', p. 81, l. 59, at intervals, 'amonge, or sum tyme, *interdum, quandoque.*' P. Parv.
Apeele, p. 71, l. 433, Fr. *appeler*, to accuse, appeach, or charge with. Cot.
Aslake, p. 80, l. 47, A.S. *aslacian*, slacken, dissolve.
Aslope, p. 54, l. 427, aside.
Asswage, p. 79, l. 10, quiet down; Fr. *assouvager*, to assuage, quiet, still, pacifie. Cot.
Attir, p. 24, l. 62, poisonous.
Auauntage, at his, p. 81, l. 70, in his power, control.
Awaite, p. 76, l. 593, ? watch.

Balke, p. 92, l. 47, baulk, a mess of his life.
Beerde, p. 13, l. 50, woman, maiden.
Beete, p. 12, l. 11, A.S. *gebétan*, to amend, atone for.
Bemys, p. 123, l. 186, trumpets; A.S. *béme.*
Bigoon, p. 16, l. 40, overwhelmed; A.S. *begán*, to go over.
Bihatid, p. 82, l. 24, thoroughly hated.
Bihiȝt', p. 19, l. 52, promised; A.S. *behátan.*
Bikir, p. 46, l. 15, strife.
Binam, p. 92, l. 34, took away from; A.S. *benám.*
Bitake, p. 20, l. 74, commit; A.S. *betæcan.*
Bleere, p. 60, l. 78, mock, scorn; 'I gyue him the best counsayle I can, and the knaue *bleareth* his tonge at me, *tirer ta langue.*' Palsgrave.
Blynne, p. 97, l. 66, cease.
Blyue, p. 46, l. 177; p. 96, l. 30, quickly.
Bobbed, p. 126, l. 8, beaten; 'bobet on the heed, *coup de poing.*' Palsgrave.
Boone, p. 6, l. 21, prayer; A.S. *bén.*
Bote, p. 11, l. 104, remedy; A.S. *bót.*
Boteles, p. 108, l. 42, remediless.
Breme, p. 102, l. 31, ? not A.S. *breme*, glorious, but '*brym* or fers. *Ferus, ferox.*' Pr. Parv.
Broode, p. 37, l. 77, abroad, about.

Careful, p. 16, l. 39, full of care and trouble.
Cesoun, p. 42, l. 28, ? seizin, possession, or 'take a cesoun,' stay a season or time.
Chesoun, p. 42, l. 32, cause, reason; O.Fr. *achaison*, occasion.
Clene, p. 1, l. 7, pure; 'Clene, *mundus, purus.*' Pr. Parv.
Clennesse, p. 64, l. 197, purity.
Clinge, p. 85, l. 68; p. 89, l. 20, A.S. *clingan*, to wither, cling, or shrink up.
Conclude, p. 77, l. 605, shut up.
Contrarie, p. 37, l. 87, go contrary to.
Coorde, p. 38, l. 111, accord, agree.
Coost, p. 34, l. 63, Fr. *costé*, a coast or quarter. Cotgrave.
Countirtaile, p. 71, l. 416, Fr. *contre-taille*, the one part of a tallie, or score, alreadie marked, or notched. Cotgrave.
Croppys, p. 120, l. 68, tops; A.S. *crop*, top, bunch, berry.
Cunne, p. 114, l. 15, A.S. *cunnan*, to know.

Cus, p. 12, l. 22, kiss; A.S. *cus, cyss.*

Daswen, p. 68, l. 338, become dazed or dim; Du. *duyster*, dim.
Defie, p. 95, l. 6, fear for?
Delice, p. 78, l. 633; Delijs, p. 42, l. 43, Fr. *delices*, delights, pleasures.
Dere, p. 110, l. 67, injure; A.S. *derian.*
Derworþiest', p. 52, l. 352, A.S. *deorwurðe*, precious, of great value.
Diffence, p. 60, l. 63, Fr. *defense*, answer, argument.
Disceyuable, p. 86, l. 7, deceitful.
Discure, p. 63, l. 165, discover.
Dispence, p. 63, l. 157, gain, reward?
Disperage, p. 74, l, 508, incongruity; O.Fr. *desparager*, to offer vnto, or impose on, a man vnfit, or unworthie conditions. Cot.
Dondyr, p. 118, l. 24, thunder.
Drewis, p. 60, l. 66, ? draughts.
Drynge, p. 122, l. 166, A S. *þringan*, throng, rush.
Dwynne, p. 27, l. 176, dwindle; A.S. *dwinan*, to pine, fade, waste away.

Edwyte, p. 124, l. 226, reproach, twitting; A.S. *edwite*, reproach, disgrace, contumely.
Encheson, p. 10, l. 75, occasion; O.Fr. *achaison.*
Ensure, p. 18, l. 9, cock sure.
Entensioun, p. 21, l. 92, ? excuse, or mind.
Eruest, p. 69, l. 350, harvest; A.S. *hærfest.*

Faite, p. 76, l. 595; ? deceive; O.Fr. '*faiteus*, criminel, coupable.'
Fare, p. 95, l. 13, goings on, ways, life.
Fawe, p. 96, l. 28, fain, glad.
Felle, p. 25, l. 92, ? fail, or fell.
Fen, p. 26, l. 121, mire, mud.
Fere, p. 38, l. 111, company; *in fere*, together.
Fere, p. 86, l. 16, companion, person.
Filist', p. 114, l. 3, defilest.
Flaite, p. 75, l. 532, Du. *vleyden*, to flatter, to sooth, or to entice with faire [words]. Hexham.
Fleme, p. 18, l. 17, banish; A.S. *flyman.*
Florische, p. 89, l. 18, ornament, deck.
Foisoun, p. 43, l. 64, Fr. *foison*, plentie, great fullnesse. Cot.
Fondid, p. 8, l. 23, tried; A.S. *fandian*, to try.
Foondi, p. 95, l. 13, try.
Foonued, p. 96, l. 33, foolish?
For, p. 19, l. 35, 40, because.
Forbeere, p. 60, l. 76, restrain.
Forclonge, p. 18, l. 31, A.S. *clingan*, to wither, pine, or shrink up; *forclungen*, shrunk.
Forlete, p. 30, l. 250, A.S. *forlætan*, to let go.
Forþi, p. 24, l. 89, for that reason.
Foulden, p. 73, l. 485, ? fold, bend.
Frame, p. 44, l. 97, ? A.S. *freme*, profit, advantage.
Frauȝte, p. 76, l. 590, freight, load.
Frike, p. 23, l. 26, glad, joyful; A.S. *frician*, to dance, frisk.

Gesoun, p. 64, l. 206, ? Fr. *gesse*, a common sinke or sewer; a gutter for the voiding of ordure. Cotgr. Not. E. *geason*, rare, strange.
Gist', p. 93, l. 63, show.
Glewe, p. 29, l. 236, A.S. *gleow*, joy, mirth, glee.
Grame, p. 63, l. 168, A.S. *grama*, anger, rage, wrath.
Greede, p. 14, l. 73, greet, moan; A.S. *grætan*, to weep, cry out.
Gril, p. 83, l. 12, sharp, unkind; O.N. *grila.* H. Coleridge.

Hadde-y-wist', p. 73, l. 497, had-I-known (what would have happened), after-regret.
Happe, p. 89, l. 26, wrap over, cover for defence; Isl. *hyppa*, Jamieson.
Harewide, p. 53, l. 385, tore open.
Hawe, p. 121, l. 97, A.S. *hæh*, hole, den.
He, p. 59, l. 39, they.
Hende, p. 7, l. 25, gentle.
Hildande, p. 23, l. 55, beholden.
Hirde, p. 17, l. 52, A.S. *hirde*, a shepherd.
Ho, p. 14, l. 71, halt, stop.
Homeli, p. 63, l. 163, familiar.
Hore, p. 83, l. 13, hoar, hoariness.
Hote, p. 41, l. 15, be called; A.S. *hátan.*

Ilke, p. 23, l. 54, every.
Insiȝt', p. 66, l. 250; p. 69, l. 339, 'insyght, *inspexio, circumspeccio.*' Promptorium.

Kinde, p. 20, l. 59, nature.
Kiþe, p. 11, l. 92, show; A.S. *cyðan*, to make known, declare, show.

Kynde, p. 9, l. 53, nature; A.S. *gecynd.*
Kyndeli, p. 8, l. 19, natural; A.S. *gecyndelic.*

Lappid, p. 3, l. 50, wrapped; 'Lappyn, or whappyn yn cloþys (happyn togedyr, wrap togeder in clothes). *Involvo.*' P. Parv.
Lauȝt', p. 30, l. 249; p. 76, l. 586, caught, taken; A.S. *læccan*, to seize.
Leeme, p. 52, l. 335, A.S. *leoma*, light, flame.
Leepis, p. 47, l. 181; p. 72, l. 451, A.S. *leap*, a basket, hamper.
Leere, p. 8, l. 5, teach; A.S. *læran.*
Lees, p. 16, l. 45, lies.
Leit', p. 48, l. 226; Leite, p. 52, l. 355, lightning; A.S. *lihting.*
Leude, p. 23, l. 41, lent; A.S. *lened.*
Lent', p. 105, l. 26, put away?; ? A.S. *lengde*, put off, *perf.* of *lengian.*
Lete, p. 28, l. 186, leave, cease; A.S. *lætan*, let go.
Lewide, p. 67, l. 303, lay, ignorant.
Leye, p. 95, l. 2, field after the crop is cut, *clover ley*, &c.; ? not A.S. *lagu*, a district in which a certain law was in force.
Likerose, p. 20, l. 55, lecherous.
Likid, p. 8, l. 16, pleased.
Liking', p. 3, l. 50, pleasant.
Likinge, p. 92, l. 49; p. 93, l. 77, 81, lust.
Likingly, p. 91, l. 20, pleasantly.
List', p. 4, l. 3; A.S. *list*, wisdom, science, power, faculty; *lyst*, desire, love, admiration.
Lome, p. 121, l. 120, frequently; A.S. *gelóme.*

Maistrie, p. 20, l. 80, mastery, (see p. 33, l. 58,) ? not tricks.
Mammillis, p. 1, l. 5, breasts, paps; Pappe, *Mamilla.* P. Parv.
Maugre, p. 65, l. 215, reviling, railing; Fr. *maugréer*, to curse, reuile extreamly, raile on despightfully.
Mawmetis, p. 45, l. 118, idols.
Medele, p. 20, l. 86, mingle.
Meene, p. 1, l. 4, remember; A.S. *mænan.*
Meete, p. 1, l. 6, food.
Melle, p. 53, l. 387, meddle.
Mengid, p. 59, l. 51, A.S. *mengian*, mix, mingle.
Mett, p. 118, l. 15, measure; A.S. *mete.*
Mydmore, p. 83, l. 17, mid-morning.
Mynde, p. 9, l. 25, ? mention, or A.S. *myne*, memory.
Mynne, p. 24, l. 78, remember.
Myscheue, p. 99, l. 46, come to grief.
Mystire, p. 76, l. 572, need; Fr. *mestier*, need, lacke, necessitie, want. Cotgrave.

Nempne, p. 6, l. 7, name; A.S. *nemnan.*
Newyng, p. 127, l. 28, renewing, repeating.
Nuyȝed, p. 106, l. 13, annoyed, troubled.
Nyce, p. 53, l, 390, Fr. *niais*, a simple, witlesse, and vnexperienced gull. *Nice*, lither, lazie, sloathfull, dull, simple. Cot.
Nym, p. 53, l. 371, take; A.S. *niman*, to take.

'Of, p. 98, l. 101, from.
Ore, p, 119, l. 57, mercy.
Ouerhope, p. 68, l. 331, too much confidence, sanguineness.

Paieth, p. 24. l. 58, pleases.
Pay, p. 14, l. 80, satisfaction, pleasure; *payé*, satisfied, contented. Cotgrave.
Pilis, p. 64, l. 182, peels, holds, castles.
Piȝt', p. 3, l. 61, pitched; p. 4, l. 13; p. 94, l. 90, placed; p. 12, l. 16, put, dressed.
Pooste, p. 43, l. 79, power.
Port', p. 93, l. 85, mien.
Prest', p. 45, l. 116, quickly.
Prouȝ, p. 50, l. 288, advantage, profit; Fr. *prou.*
Pure, p. 18, l. 11, purify.
Pursue, p. 68, l. 328, follow, strive.
Put', p. 73, l. 475, throw, casting.

Queed, p. 6, l. 18, wicked one, devil; Dutch, *quaad.*
Qwart', p. 23, l. 2, of good heart or cheer; O.F. *quor*, courage.
Qweme, p. 18, l. 15, A.S. *cweman*, to please.

Race, p. 48, l. 238, A.S. *ræs*, rush, attack; cp. mill*race.*
Raþer, p. 88, l. 16, earlier, sooner.
Raþir, p. 86, l. 9, preferable.
Releef, p. 47, l. 181, leavings.
Remewe, p. 20, l. 69, remove.
Rere, p. 70, l. 379, late. *Rere* suppers are complained of in Waddington

(b. 1300), Robert of Brunne, 1303, A.D., and many other writers.
Rereage, p. 73, l. 483, arrears.
Reueþ, p. 30, l. 257, bereaves, takes away.
Riȝt', p. 46, l. 170, upright, straight.
Rijfe, p. 92, l. 29, much; Du. *rijf*, rife, abundant.
Romage, p. 93, l. 60, roaming.
Rouȝte, p. 36, l. 38, recked; A.S. *róhte*.
Rowne, p. 63, l. 163, whisper.
Ruli, p. 10, l. 68, grievous; p. 89, l. 27, sad, mournful; A.S. *hreów*, grief, penitence; *hreówlic*, cruel, mournful.
Ryve, p. 124, l. 217 (see *rijfe*), customary, frequent.

SadlY, p. 8, l. 7, fixedly.
Sale, p. 57, l. 502; Fr. *salle*, hall.
Saugȝte, p. 76, l. 592, A.S. *saht*, reconciled.
Sauȝten, p. 108, l. 38, reconcile; A.S. *sehtian*. Note the change to *soften* in the later text, p. 109.
Schende, p. 11, l. 118, shame, disgrace, ruin; A.S. *scond*, shame, disgrace.
Schendiþ, p. 53, l. 374, A.S. *scendan*, to confound, shame, reproach, revile.
Schille, p. 65, l. 232; schylle and sharpe, *acutus*, *sonorus*.
Schowr, p. 44, l. 96, A.S. *scúr*, battle, fight.
Sconfitith, p. 46, l. 154, discomfits.
Scryue, p. 58, l. 2, describe.
Secke, p. 76, l. 589, sack, bag.
See, p. 13, l. 54, seat.
Seelde, p. 41, l. 6, seldom.
Seete, p. 37, l. 89, set.
Sege, p. 2, l. 35, seat; Fr. *siège*.
Seruile, p. 104, l. 15, of service, of business.
Sijke, p. 78, l. 634, sickness; Du. *ziek*, sick.
Sikir, p. 33, l. 50, certain, sure.
Skile, p. 9, l. 33, reason; O.N. *skil*.
Slake, p. 11, l. 112, become slack, cease.
Slidir, p. 49, l. 269, slydyr (or swyþyr as a wey). *Lubricus*, P. Parv.
Smerte, p. 93, l. 67, smart, pain, prick.
Soote, p. 29, l. 248, sweet one.
Spaynel, p. 91, l. 4, spaniel; Fr. *espagneul*, a Spaniell. Cot.
Spousebriche, p. 47, l. 188, adultery.
Spurne, p. 43, l. 76, A.S. *spurnan*, to strike with the heel; p. 91, l. 11, spurned.
Spute, p. 46, l. 164, dispute.
Stabilte, p. 26, l. 144, fixedness, firmness.
Stie, p. 90, l. 48, ascend.
Stiȝ, p. 55, l. 460, ascended; A.S. *stígan*, to ascend, rise.
Stintith, p. 116, l. 62, stoppeth.
Sue, p. 20, l. 68, follow.
Suffraunce, p. 33, l. 50, Fr. *souffrance*, sufferance, forbearance, patience, abiding.
Sunge, p. 110, l. 73, sin; A.S. *syngian*.
Superfluе, p. 89, l. 30, superfluous.
Swarte, p. 119, l. 33, dark, black (swarthy).
Swing', p. 28, l. 203, A.S. *swingan*, to whip, scourge.
Swiþe, p. 69, l. 348, quickly.
Swyde, p. 122, l. 140, quickly.
Swynk, p. 89, l. 32, A.S. *swinc*, labour, *geswinc*, affliction, torment.

Temynge, p. 4, l. 20, childbirth; A.S. *teám*, offspring; *teámian*, *téman*, to propagate, beget.
Tende, p. 69, l. 369; tenden, p. 41, l. 6, attend.
Tene, p. 24, l. 71, A.S. *teóna*, injury, wrong.
Þat' þat', p. 51, l. 310, that which.
Þee, p. 63, l. 176, thrive.
Þertille, p. 9, l. 37, thereto, in addition.
Þirle, p. 26, l. 147, pierce; A.S. *þirlian*.
Þole, p. 23, l. 27, A.S. *þolian*, suffer.
Þrong', p. 13, l. 27, driven, forced; A.S. *þringan*, to press, crowd.
Þrouȝ, p. 13, l. 32, A.S. *þruh*, a chest, coffin, sepulchre, grave.
Tille, p. 27, l. 168, to.
Toberste, p. 30, l. 251, burst all to pieces.
Tobreke, p. 29, l. 247, break to pieces.
Torent', p. 20, l. 82, rent to pieces.
Towe, p. 120, l. 29, tough, harsh; A.S. *tóh*.
Towyth, p. 121, l. 108, thought.
Twhertyd, p. 126, l. 15, retorted? A.S. *hwcorfan*, to turn.
Twynne, p. 23, l. 37, separate.
Tyne, p. 25, l. 103, A.S. *tynan*, to hedge in, enclose, shut close.

Uertu, p. 67, l. 300, power, strength.

Vertu, p. 72, l. 455, power, strength.
Vncele, p. 106, l. 21, unhappiness.

Vndirfonge, p. 69, l. 367, receive, take; A.S. *underfangan*, undertake, receive.

Vndirnome, p. 50, l. 289, ? lookest up or under, objectedst to; A.S. *undernīman*, to undertake, comprehend.

Vndren, p. 84, l. 25, A.S. *undern*, the third hour, 9 a.m., extending also to noon.

Vngo, p. 121, l. 118, ? *vn* for *um*, round; A.S. *ymbgan*, go round.

Vnleueful, p. 110, l. 74, unlawful.

Vnneþe, p. 70, l. 373, A.S. *unēāðlice*, uneasily, with difficulty, scarcely, hardly.

Vnourne, p. 71, l. 404, A.S. *unórnlic*, old, worn.

Vnsauȝte, p. 108, l. 37, unfriendly; A.S. *scht*, friendship, peace; *unscht*, want of friendship, enmity. Note the *unsoft* of the later text, p. 109.

Vnschent, p. 106, l. 6, unpunished.

Vnskilfully, p. 112, l. 90, unreasonably; *scc* skill.

Vnsperid, p. 41, l. 15, set free, unlocked; 'speryn, or schettyn, *claudo*; speryn and schette wythe lokkys. Sero, obsero.' Pr. Parv.

Waitist', p, 50, l. 288, plannest.

Wake, p. 32, l. 8; p. 99, l. 141, watch; A.S. *wæcan*.

Wan, p. 13, l. 41, wonnst, wentest.

Waterless, p. 20, l. 53, without water.

Wedde, p. 10, l. 60, pledge; A.S. *wed*.

Wede, p. 12, l. 18, garment; A.S. *wēd*.

Welkid, p. 24, l. 68, faded, turned white; A.S. *wealcere*, a fuller, a whitener of cloths.

Wem, p. 83, l. 13, spot, A.S. *wem*.

Wente, p. 9, l. 51, gone.

Were, p. 106, 107, l. 2, danger; A.S. *wér*, a fine for slaying a man; p. 116, l. 87, doubt?

Weuere, p. 77, l. 603, weaver, contriver, schemer.

White, p. 72, l. 450, quick, active; same as

Wiȝte, p. 63, l. 150; Sw. *vig*, active; '*wyte*, or delyvyr, or swyfte, Agilis, velox.' Pr. Parv.

Wiȝtli, p. 13, l. 41, swiftly, or powerfully.

Wijs, p. 98, l. 94, teach.

Wis, p. 11, l. 115; Wisse, p. 14, l. 68; A.S. *wissian*, to instruct, guide, govern.

Wite, p. 34, l. 67; p. 99, l. 4, know; A.S. *witan*.

Wiyte, p. 35, l. 8, 16, &c., blame, reproach, impute, ascribe to; A.S. *witan*, *witian*.

Wone, p. 11. l. 120, dwell; A.S. *wunian*.

Woniynge, p. 28, l. 199, dwelling.

Woost', p. 39, l. 35, knowest.

Worschipide, p. 53, l. 401, honoured.

Wreche, p. 16, l. 35, vengeance; A.S. *wræc*.

ȝeere, p. 65, l. 244; p. 67, l. 286, ? A.S. *geare*, certainly.

ȝeme, p. 52, l. 340; A.S. *giman*, govern, take care of.

ȝernynge, p. 28, l. 197, yearning, desire.

ȝore, p. 92, l. 35, formerly.

Yflet, p. 92, l. 37, fled, gone.

Yhit, p. 128, l. 3, yet.

Yloore, p. 79, l. 5, lost; A.S. *lorcn*.

Ymet', p. 81, l. 74, dreamt; A.S. *mætod*.

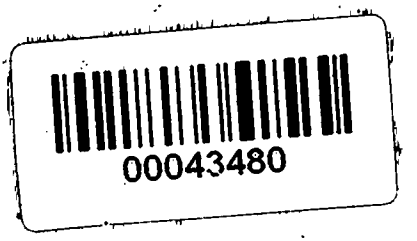
Ynne, p. 69, l. 359, ? bring in, not let in; A.S. *innan*, to go in, enter.

Ynow, p. 76, l. 567, enough.

# INDEX OF FIRST LINES.


| | Page |
|---|---|
| As y gan wandre in my walkinge | 83 |
| Bi a forest as y gan walke | 95 |
| Bothe ȝonge & oolde, whepir ȝe be | 32 |
| Erpe out' of erpe wondirly wrouȝt' | 88 |
| Euery man schulde teche pis lore | 104 |
| From pe tyme pat' we were born | 79 |
| Hay, hay, hay, hay! thynke on Whitsonmonday | 128 |
| Heil be pou, marie, cristis moder dere | 6 |
| Heil be pou, marie, pe modir of crist' | 4 |
| How mankinde doop bigynne. (The Mirror.) | 58 |
| If pou wole be weel with god. (A prose piece.) | 40 |
| Ihesu, lord, pat' madist' me. (Richard de Castre's Prayer.) | 15 |
| Ihesu, pi swetnes, who-so myȝte it' se | 8 |
| Ihesus pat' sprong' of iesse roote | 12 |
| In a noon tijd of a somers day | 91 |
| In my ȝonge age ful wielde y was | 35 |
| In pee, god fadir, I bileeue | 101 |
| I warne vche leod pat' liueþ in londe (From the Vernon MS.) | 106 |
| I warne eche lijf pat' liueþ in lond | 107 |
| Kyng' of grace, & ful of pyte | 118 |
| Loue is lijf pat' lastiþ ay | 22 |
| Man, among' pi myrpis haue in mynde | 114 |
| Sodenly a-frayd, halfe wakynge, halfe slepyng' | 126 |
| *Surge, mea sponsa*, swete in siȝt' | 1 |
| There is no creature but' oon | 18 |
| Whanne marye was greet' with gabriel' (pe Deuelis Perlament') | 41 |
| Whi is pis world biloued pat' fals is & veyn | 86 |


R. CLAY & SONS, LIMITED, LONDON & BUNGAY.


00043480

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 07 April, 2016